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# *With Lafayette in America*

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# LAFAYETTE
# IN AMERICA

OCTAVE

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# WITH LAFAYETTE IN AMERICA

*By*

OCTAVIA ROBERTS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD PRINTS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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TO MY BROTHER

NICHOLAS ROBERTS

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"When Lafayette is forgotten our enthusiasm in the cause of liberty will have departed and the hour of our slavery will have arrived."

*Illinois Intelligencer*, June 10, 1825

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# FOREWORD

NOT many years since I knew familiarly an old lady nearing her centenary who had seen and been blessed by Lafayette. In her quavering voice she would repeat the lines she and her schoolmates had recited on the day when the distinguished Frenchman, in his sixty-seventh year, had driven through her New Jersey village. Her eyes would kindle as she related the particulars of his reception, the triumphal arch which the village people had quickly reared when it was known he would come their way, the flowers the children plucked to throw in his path, the excitement of the minister who was chosen to address him. As I listened to the story, a vanished generation lived again, to whom the visit of Lafayette was cause for such rejoicing that cannon rocked the land and States vied with States for the honor of his pres-



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ence; while behind that world of 1824 another world was faintly shadowed, peopled with those who had loved and known Lafayette the youth, who had served with him in battle and shivered with him in camp.

And then the old lady died and I heard the name of Lafayette no more. In the histories he was dismissed with a brief mention that seemed inadequate to explain the enthusiasm that he had aroused so generally in his lifetime. Weighed in the cold balance of posterity his contribution to American freedom seemed no greater than that of a half-dozen other foreign-born officers. But to the story of Lafayette there was yet another chapter.

The Great War broke over the world. America called on thousands of young men to cross the sea to join in the fight on the side of England, Italy, Belgium — France. There were books and articles without end explaining the cause, justifying America's action. But abstract



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principles seldom fire the blood. What, then, kindled a genuine enthusiasm within a million breasts? The learned have found it absurd, but again it was the name of Lafayette. He, a Frenchman, had stood by us when we needed help. Americans in his name owed it to him to lend a hand in France's desperate hour. There it was in a nutshell. The humblest, most illiterate lad in khaki could understand. A youth of nineteen in buff and blue beckoned them on. Lafayette was France. If France disclaimed it, so much the worse for her. Across the sea they went, therefore, those thousands, Romance at the helm. "We are coming, Lafayette," they sang. And their mood found full expression when the Commander-in-chief of the American army, laying a wreath on the hero's tomb, said simply, "Lafayette, we have come."

And so it is of this Lafayette, whose name could thrice stir America, of whom I shall write. If the sketches in the successive chapters can



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give to the past anything of the vivid reality of the old lady's narration, I shall count myself happy.

OCTAVIA ROBERTS

*Boston, July 4, 1919*

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# *With Lafayette in America*

## PART I

### *"The Marquis"*

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# *With Lafayette in America*

## CHAPTER I

### *A Long Voyage and a Southern Welcome*

IT is the year 1777. England makes war on her Colonies, a rebellious group of thirteen States that have dared to defy their King, His Majesty George the Third. Our particular interest, however, is not in England, nor, for the moment, even in the Colonies, but is centered on a group of Frenchmen on board the ship La Victoire that is just sailing, as we open these pages, from the Spanish port of Los Pasajes out into the broad waters of the Atlantic.

It is the month of April, to be specific, the 20th day of April, which in this year falls on Sunday. The party on board consists of some fifteen or sixteen Frenchmen all of



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whom have been promised commissions in the American army by Silas Deane, agent in Paris for the United States of America. One among the party receives on every hand particular marks of deference, which is the more surprising since he is an unassuming youth of not more than nineteen years. There is nothing in his manner, which is boyish, gracious, and frank, to indicate why he is treated with such marked respect. Any of the crew, however, can tell you that he is the owner of the ship; any of the French officers can tell you that he is none other than the Marquis de Lafayette, a nobleman of fortune of one of the ancient houses of France who is actually at this very moment running away from Europe in defiance of the commands of his family and his King in order to join the "rebels" in America. Surely a voyage and an enterprise well undertaken in April, the month of All Fools.



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Of the Marquis's personal history we get but a word or two from his fellow travelers. He had married three years before the daughter of the Duc d'Ayen, of the great family of Noailles, a match that might well satisfy ambition. Moreover, even the court gossips would agree that he tenderly loved his young wife and the little daughter she had borne him; that he was on the most affectionate terms with her family. And yet the idea of going to fight for the Americans, once having gotten in his head, he had defied the Duc d'Ayen and defied the King, and left his wife, who was facing a second maternity, with no more than a written word of farewell.

"Some men don't know when they 're in luck," a sailor muses tritely; and then, belying his words, he follows the Marquis's figure with eyes of honest admiration. How young he is, how amiable, how full of life: a man who intends to taste life to the lees, come what may.



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In the meantime having learned something of the Marquis de Lafayette, let us walk about the ship and make the acquaintance of the other members of the party, some of whom begin to look a little wan as the ship plunges on its way.

There is the Baron de Kalb, a German by birth, but a Frenchman by adoption, a man of military experience, about fifty years of age. This is not his first journey across the sea, and English therefore is not unfamiliar to him. And then there are M. de Gimat, M. de Bédaulx, and M. de la Colombe, all destined to be aides to Lafayette. And there are others, some of whom are never to draw a sword, but are to be ignominiously shipped home again by order of the new government as superfluities of whom America has no need. But no man knows the fate in store for him as he stands on the deck watching the fast-receding shores.

Young Lafayette sees the land fade from sight with a sinking heart. Amidst the diffi-



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culties of departure he had had little time to question his course; but now the great waters shut him fast into the small ship-world, leaving him time to question whether he had done right to wound those dearest to him by overriding their wishes. Will his beloved wife ever forgive him for leaving her without one word of farewell? Will his little Henriette turn from him as a stranger when he returns? Does his wife love him the less? Will she ever understand?

And then he recalls from what inanities he had fled: dull functions at the court, dull duties at military posts, a "useless journey" to Italy, with no chance of distinguishing himself, offered by his wife's family as an inducement to him to give up the projected trip to America. Surely he was right to follow his deepest convictions and draw his sword as the defender of that liberty which he adored. The shores fade. He turns his eyes bravely in the direction of the unknown.



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This was not the era of rapid travel. The ten remaining days of April passed slowly on La Victoire, May's thirty-one passed in equal tedium. Lafayette was no lover of the sea. He called it no fine names, merely found it a "dreary plain." "Nothing but sky, nothing but water, and to-morrow it will be the same." He found the journey wearisome and was certain that he and the sea had a most "doleful influence" upon each other. The winds, like the King and the Duc d'Ayen, opposed his progress every league of the way, so that June still found him on the water, though by the end of the first week of that month he saw birds. Despite his natural vivacity the days had been long and dull, filled only with the study of English and his military books. At night the ship was forced to sail without lights and he concluded one of the loveliest of the letters he wrote to his wife by telling her that even in the darkness his fingers were directed by the impulses of his heart and



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that he had no need of lights to tell her that he loved her and should love her all his life. At the end of fifty-four days the sailing vessel dropped anchor off the coast of South Carolina in North Inlet, near Georgetown. The journey by sea was at an end.

It was afternoon when the ship came to anchor. Impatient of delay, Lafayette and several others of his party including the Baron de Kalb and an American named Price, who had sailed with them, determined to push for land at once in search of a pilot who could guide the ship to Charleston. The ship's yawl was lowered and this advance guard clambered into its cramped space. For five or six hours they rowed up the inlet, but as the tide went down it became impossible to push on in the yawl. Then it was that the party came upon some negroes in an oyster boat, who offered to take one or two of the travelers to shore to the house of their master. It was Mr. Price and De Kalb who fol-



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lowed Lafayette into the rough boat. About midnight these three went ashore and made their way toward a light that streamed from a house in the distance. Young Lafayette was as full of interest and curiosity as Columbus himself once must have been. But the deep bay of watch-dogs greeted them. A voice from the house rang out challengingly:

"Who 's there?"

It was Baron de Kalb who answered, roaring out their names and purpose. If he had chosen to give Lafayette's full name and title, "Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette," it might indeed have astonished the inmates, but doubtless the good Baron's response was more brief! The door swung wide. Colonel Benjamin Huger bade them all welcome. "A kind, friendly man," Lafayette wrote of him later, and so Huger proved himself to be. He drew them in, himself delighted with the adventure. To-morrow



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or next day he would take them to Charleston, a city well worth seeing; they must surely go to Charleston to fit themselves out for the long journey to Philadelphia. We may be sure that he offered them refreshment before sending the colored boys ahead to show the way to rooms.

Lafayette listened attentively to all that was said. He made some phrases himself, with growing confidence. His quick glance took in with delight the Southern home. He marked everywhere the fine, democratic simplicity he had hoped to find. Then with his light step he went up the broad stairs, following the boy's candle. A moment after he was asleep in the first bed he had known for many days, having first noted with delight the strange curtain of protecting mosquito-bar.

It could not have been later than the following morning that Lafayette wrote to his wife:

"I have arrived, my dearest love, in perfect



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health, at the house of an American officer; and by the most fortunate chance in the world a French vessel is on the point of sailing; conceive how happy I am. I am going this evening to Charleston, when I will write to you. There is no important news. The campaign is opened, but there is no fighting or at least very little. The manners in this part of the country are simple, polite, and worthy in every respect of the country in which the noble name of liberty is constantly repeated. I intended writing to Madame d'Ayen [his mother-in-law], but I find it is impossible. Adieu, adieu, my love. From Charleston I shall repair to Philadelphia to rejoin the army. Is it not true that you will always love me?"

Lafayette had but a scanty smattering of English at this time, but it is more than likely that his kind host spoke French as he had been educated in Europe and was of French descent. In any case young Lafayette made friends with



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the family. We can imagine him taking Colonel Huger's three-year-old son Francis on his knee while he talked to the child of his own little daughter, Henriette. Whatever he did, the young guest who had come upon them all so unexpectedly at night made an indelible impression on this child's mind. Years later Francis Huger while a student in Germany made a romantic and daring attempt to rescue Lafayette from an Austrian prison. But these days were all before them. Lafayette with no thought of their shadow fondled the child, smiled at the family, engaged a pilot for his comrades waiting on the ship, and busied himself with his own journey to Charleston. For some reason he and De Kalb did not make the trip there by water with their companions, but borrowed mounts from Colonel Huger and rode away for Charleston with Mr. Price, who had come with them in the oyster boat.

What a fertile, pleasant land it was over



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which the newcomers journeyed! An early traveler had said of it that it was "a fair and spacious Province," adding, of its forests, that "the whole country consists of Woods, Groves, Marshes and Meadows; it abounds with varieties of as brave Okes as eye can behold"; and that traveler urged "any industrious and ingenious person who wishes to enjoy the Felicities of this Country to embrace the first opportunity to settle there."

Whether that enthusiast of an earlier day would have called a soldier of fortune "an industrious and ingenious person" we cannot affirm, but certainly the Marquis de Lafayette riding blithely to Charleston gave himself up completely to the "felicities of the Country."

Once there he kept his promise to Adrienne, his wife, and wrote a letter dated June 19. After describing his landing in more detail than he had found possible in his first hasty note, he said: "I shall now speak to you, my love, about



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CHARLESTON IN 1780

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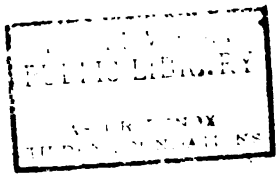
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the country and its inhabitants who are as agreeable as my enthusiasm had led me to imagine. Simplicity of manner, kindness of heart, love of country and of liberty and a delightful state of equality are met with universally.... What gives me most pleasure is to see how completely the citizens are all brethren of one family. In America there are none poor and none even that can be called peasants."

In this same letter he wrote of a dinner that was given in his honor in one of the Charleston homes, where he met among a large company Generals Robert Howe and William Moultrie. Here they sat at table some five hours and drank each other's health in fine good humor. Doubtless the old Charleston custom was followed and the dinner was served at four o'clock with the dessert eaten by candle-light. What a pleasant scene to look in upon if we could at will raise the curtain on vanished days: the fine old Charleston house, the groaning board, the numerous



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colored servants, the candles flickering over all as the shadows gathered under the gallery, showing a company of good patriots who drank the health of the romantic youth who sat among them.

What hearty good wishes must have been Lafayette's when a few days later he left Charleston for the long journey to Philadelphia. How gayly he waved farewell to his new friends as he seated himself beside De Kalb in the light carriage which had been purchased for the trip. Behind him came two other carriages with others of the party, while a negro on horseback brought up the rear. Beside the Marquis galloped a squire, and before him in Hessian uniform rode an outrider, who, ignorant of the country though he was, offered his services as a guide. But, alas, the light carriages were not designed for such roads. At the end of four days they were in splinters and Lafayette took to horseback. Almost nine hundred miles were



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to be traversed, but thanks to youth and perfect health, Lafayette minded them not at all. One of his companions wrote of the journey that after sleeping in woods and being almost dead of hunger and of heat, he considered the trip as hard as any European campaign would have been; but "young Fayette" could say of that same journey when writing to his wife: "The journey is somewhat fatiguing; but although several of my comrades have suffered a great deal I have scarcely been conscious of fatigue."

This same letter, written when still eight days from Philadelphia, is filled with ardent expressions of Lafayette's desire to reach that city. But the reason he gives for his eagerness to do so is not to enter the American service, not even to make himself acquainted with the great leaders of the Revolution, but the lover's hope of finding a letter awaiting him there!



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"I have received no news of you, and my impatience to arrive in Philadelphia to hear from you cannot be compared to any other earthly feeling. Conceive my state of mind after having passed such an immense length of time without having received a line from my love."

From Annapolis he writes again taking no time to learn anything of the town beyond the fact that a ship is to sail soon for France. He arms himself with "a little weapon dipped in invisible ink" and writes from there: "I hope to receive news of you at Philadelphia and this hope adds to the impatience I feel to arrive in that city. Adieu, my life, I am in such haste that I know not what I write but I do know that I love you more tenderly than ever; that the pain of this separation was necessary to convince me how very dear you are to me, and that I would give this moment half my existence for the pleasure of embracing you again



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and again and telling you with my own lips how well I love you."

Beautiful and tender words long preserved by a loving heart, published when the woman who had inspired them had long gone to her rest.

And so, mile after mile, Lafayette rides on in the hope of a letter.

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## CHAPTER II

*Philadelphia*

A MONTH'S journey after their departure from Charleston brought Lafayette and his companions to Philadelphia. What the sensations of the sophisticated Europeans were upon entering the American city we can only surmise, nor do we know whether private house or tavern sheltered them. Perhaps they went to that inn, undesignated by name, that had been mentioned by John Adams in his diary three years earlier. "The most genteel tavern in America" he had called it, adding in praise of the supper served him there "that it was as elegant as ever laid upon a table."

The young Marquis, we learn from an account written by one of the officers of the party, arrived in the morning, and, taking time merely to brush off the dust of travel, hastened forth, with his companions, to make him-



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self known. It is a pleasant picture to dwell upon, of Lafayette, his arm drawn through a friend's, walking eagerly through those early streets of Philadelphia on fire to obtain confirmation of the commission given him in Paris by America's representative, Silas Deane, finding time, though, in characteristic fashion, to notice everything that seemed unique or interesting; for there was never, I think, a more wholesome general interest in life than that Lafayette possessed. He had it in youth; he did not lose it in age.

I think he must have paused in the old market-place, stopped to note Carpenter's Hall, and had time to admire the proportions of the State House, with a thrill for that moment of the year before when the Declaration of Independence had been signed there. It would be worth all the wrath of his French kinsmen, the displeasure of his King, to be claimed as a fellow patriot by Congress.



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The party went first to John Hancock, the President of Congress. No welcome was forthcoming from this source. The busy President passed them on to one of the Congressmen. This Congressman received them with no shade of enthusiasm, but took their letters of recommendation and made an appointment for the morrow. America's official welcome was slow in coming; Philadelphia showed no such cordiality as Charleston had shown. There was nothing for it but to wait for the morrow.

The wait was doubly hard when Lafayette made certain that not a line of writing awaited him from France. No welcome, no letter, rewarded the long ride through the States. It was not until some time later that he used the following words to his "dear heart," but the thoughts the words convey must have risen bitterly enough to his mind on this first night.

"Imagine how dreadful it is to be far from all I love, in this state of suspense and almost



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OLD STATE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA

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despair; it is impossible to support it, and I feel at the same time that I do not deserve to be pitied. Why was I so obstinately bent on coming thither? I have been well punished for my error; my affections are too strongly rooted for me to be able to perform such deeds."

Such reactions have a way of overwhelming the stoutest of hearts; but at nineteen hope quickly springs up again. Next morning the group of French officers go to the State House to keep the appointment. Long minutes pass there while nobility, vulgarly speaking, is allowed to cool its heels as democracy takes its time. When at last the member of Congress whom the party had met the day before appears, he presents Mr. James Lovell, member from Massachusetts. "This gentleman speaks French," he says. "He is interested with the matters that concern people of your nationality. Hereafter your communications will all be with



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him." Mr. Lovell talks to them in the street and treats them all "in excellent French, like a set of adventurers."

"It seems," he says coldly, "that French officers have a great fancy to enter our service uninvited. It is true we were in need of officers last year, but now we have experienced officers and plenty of them"; and, turning on his heel, he leaves them. Down the street they watch him go. Little does he dream that by refusing to welcome Lafayette he has lost his sole chance for immortality.

And Lafayette stands there with his party in great discomfiture. What is he to do? Shall he return to France and beg pardon like a whipped boy? Shall he return to be the jest of the court? Never! He had not come to America for small and selfish ends; he had come to serve the cause of Liberty. Liberty would accept him in some rôle, he felt sure. Again he appeals to Congress. He scribbles a note and persuades



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a messenger to take it in. "After the sacrifices I have made," he says, "I have the right to exact two favors; one is to serve at my own expense, the other is to serve at first as a volunteer."

This note, modest and generous, scores its point. Congress, weary with the airs and the demands of foreigners, cannot debate this offer. On July 31, four days after Lafayette's arrival in Philadelphia, Congress informs him that his services are accepted, and that he is to have the rank and commission of Major-General in the army of the United States.

With the grace and unfailing courtesy that are his by nature and by training, Lafayette writes his acceptance and thanks to Congress, and asks that he may serve near the person of General Washington "till such time as he may see fit to entrust me with a division of the army." Nor does his generous spirit forget to mention the members of his party, of whom



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Congress had taken no notice. He adds, in his odd, new English, "it is now as an American that I 'll mention every day to Congress the officers who came over with me, whose interests are for me as my own."

How that generous remembrance of them must have swept away all jealousy of the fortunate Lafayette from the neglected officers. It took more than that mention of them "every day to Congress," however, to elevate this group in the army. The most Congress ever did for the majority of them was to pay their way back to France; for except in one or two cases no commissions were forthcoming. De Kalb was one of the most notable of those who found places.

It was shortly after the appointment from Congress that the welcome of America to her would-be lover found a perfect and a fitting voice. At a private party, made up of a few Congressmen and officers, Lafayette marked a



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THE STATE HOUSE YARD, PHILADELPHIA, AS ENCLOSED DURING THE REVOLUTION

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tall and commanding form. Instantly his heart instructed him that it could be no one else than Washington. "It was impossible to mistake for a moment," wrote Lafayette in reminiscence of that perfect hour, "his majestic figure and deportment; nor was he less distinguished by his noble affability of manner."

With noble affability, indeed, Washington immediately distinguished the young Frenchman. Signaling him out from the little company, the General complimented the glowing boy for his zeal and his sacrifices and invited him to consider as his own the commander's home.

Mr. Lovell with his cold words was blotted out! What mattered anything now that Washington, the hero of America, had spoken, had understood. How justified instantly was the long sea voyage, the hard travel over the unbroken country — how little every hardship became! Liberty had her spokesman after all,



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and she had chosen no petty, preoccupied Congressman, but the greatest and best of her sons.

A very short time afterward, Lafayette repaired to the camp where Washington was installed, near Philadelphia, and became "one of the family," taking his place on the staff of the commander-in-chief.

In that old, historic book of hers, so filled with memories, Philadelphia has one more picture of the son America had adopted as her own, before our story moves on to other scenes. Let us take our stand at one of the windows and watch with the women and children there —some of the women poor enough patriots, we must confess, their toryism only partly concealed. On its way to Wilmington, following the evacuation of Neshaminy, the army is marching through the city. Listen to the fifes! Down the street the rebels, or the patriots, as you choose to call them, come, eleven thousand



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young men from the woods and the farms, defying the King, risking their all for independence. They are illy armed and illy clothed, but some semblance of uniformity is given to their dress by the sprigs of living green they wear in their hats. And that living green is a symbol of a cause that shall not die! At their head rides Washington, stately, majestic; "but who is that bright-eyed young fellow at his side, the one with the high forehead and aristocratic profile?" some one asks.

"Le Marquis de Lafayette! Surely you have heard of him! He ran away from France to become part of the army, leaving a young wife and a child."

"How shocking!" says a Tory.

"How glorious!" breathes a patriot.

On comes the procession, the fifes sweetly tooting. Washington has already disappeared in the distance, the radiant youth at his side.

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## CHAPTER III

### *Old Battle-Grounds*

IT was but a short time after that fine march through the streets of Philadelphia by his chosen leader's side that young Lafayette was to see battle. The soldiers with the green sprigs in their caps passed through the capital on August 24. Just eighteen days after that occasion the Battle of Brandywine was fought. When the army had marched through Philadelphia, it was in pursuit of General Howe, who had embarked with all his troops from New York City for an unknown port. When it was learned that the British were in the Chesapeake, Washington hurried the army in that direction. From Philadelphia, therefore, the troops went straight to Wilmington, Delaware. From there Washington began to reconnoiter. We have a glimpse of him riding to a point some twenty miles distant accompanied



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by Generals Greene and Lafayette, where, from a high hill, the three looked down upon the Head of Elk and saw with their own eyes the British troops. What a thrill the young Frenchman must have felt, he who hitherto had known the British only in drawing-rooms.

He must, on this little excursion, have had a chance to make the acquaintance of General Greene in a pleasant, informal way. Perhaps it was the beginning of the esteem Lafayette always felt for that General, next in ability to Washington himself. From what different backgrounds the two officers had sprung! Lafayette, from early youth, had been possessed of all that the world prizes. Greene had been a poor Quaker boy in Rhode Island. By the greatest effort he had managed to give himself the rudiments of an education. His Quaker traditions and a slight lameness seemed to make a military career a remote possibility; but, fired by patriotism, he had defied the re-



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ligious organization to which he was attached by so many ties, and he had managed, after some painful experiences, to overcome the prejudice against himself which his physical disability aroused. So, by a strange whim of fate, these two officers stood by Washington and looked down upon the British. To gain that height one had defied his Church, the other his King.

That night they all slept at a farmhouse and were beaten by a storm, they who might so easily have encountered a greater foe. The fate of the American cause, had the British but known it, lay within their hands that night.

The days that followed were filled with reports, false and true, of the British movements. It became more and more certain that there would be an engagement. Washington knew that the Americans were as yet in no condition to face that powerful foe, but Congress and the country seemed to demand an encounter.



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When Howe tried to cut off a possible retreat to Philadelphia, Washington moved his troops farther up the shallow stream that was known as the Brandywine. On the 11th of September the battle broke.

To see the battle as a picture we must set the scene with the shallow, lazy, little Brandywine at the point called Chad's Ford. We must have, too, a thin line of woods, an open plain, and a height where the few pieces of artillery thunder. Conflicting reports are constantly brought to Washington. Two roads of the same name cause the greatest confusion. Lafayette, in his rôle of volunteer, is attached to the General, but when it becomes plain that the right wing under General Sullivan will see action, the spirited boy gets permission to join that officer. It is to this wing, therefore, that we also attach ourselves.

At about ten o'clock on this September morning, the attack begins, the Hessians throw-



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ing themselves upon the American outposts and driving them back while Lord Cornwallis at the same time endeavors to swing behind the army. He and Lafayette are but beginning their military acquaintance. How little the great Earl dreams that in this boy he will eventually meet his match. General Sullivan is scarcely aware that the British have come behind him when the fury of the attack breaks upon his troops. They cannot withstand the hot assault and their lines crack. Right and left wings give way and at last the center. Pell-mell the soldiers turn in a retreat that becomes a rout. Lafayette tries in vain to stem the river of men. Suddenly he grows faint and sees to his dismay that blood gushes from a wound in his leg. His aide-de-camp, Gimat, one of the Frenchmen who had crossed the sea with him, runs forward and, with his help, Lafayette manages to scramble on his horse and so escape capture. Somewhere reinforcements have come



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up. General Greene is making a firm stand. But it is too late to retrieve the day. In wild confusion the troops, many of them raw boys, push on toward Chester. Night comes on. The road is crowded with the wounded, with baggage, with the weary men stumbling on through the dark.

At Chester Lafayette's wound is dressed. Reports come flying in that many British have been wounded also, and that they have gone so far as to ask the rebels to lend them doctors. From Chester Lafayette is taken by water to Philadelphia where he meets with great kindness. Although he has not slept for several days and is exhausted from the battle and retreat, he writes at once to his wife. From that letter we take his own account of Brandywine:

"I must begin by telling you that we fought seriously last night and that we were not the strongest on the field of battle. Our Americans after having stood their ground for some time,



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ended at length by being routed; whilst endeavoring to rally them the English honored me with a musket ball in the leg — but it is a trifle, my dearest love. . . . This affair will, I fear, be attended with bad consequences for America. We will endeavor, if possible, to repair the evil. You must have received many letters from me unless the English have been equally ill disposed towards my epistles as towards my legs. . . . Our retreat and my journey hither took up the whole of last night. I am perfectly well taken care of in this place."

Lafayette could not remain in Philadelphia, however, for it soon became certain that the British were advancing on the city and would occupy it. Again a wild retreat began, this time of civilians. Lafayette was taken to Bristol, thence to Bethlehem, where, in the great stone houses of the Moravians, the wounded were being sheltered.



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When we meet him next in action, it is on no such bloody field as Brandywine. We must bridge with a word the time between that encounter and the time of the retreat of Barren Hill. Some nine months had elapsed. In this time much had happened. Lafayette had lain ill of his wound at Bethlehem. He had been encamped at Valley Forge. He had gone to Albany in a sledge by Congress's orders in the hope of making an attack on Canada. The Canadian expedition had been but a dream, and Lafayette had returned to camp in April in a state of great discontent at his enforced idleness.

On the 18th of May Washington had sent Lafayette with a detachment of eight thousand troops to Barren Hill, a point about midway between Philadelphia and Valley Forge. The commander's directions had been long and explicit. He had outlined the purposes of the expedition as being threefold, to be a security to



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the camp, to interrupt the communication with Philadelphia, and to obtain intelligence of the enemy's motions and designs; and he had warned the young Major-General that the detachment was a very valuable one, and that any accident happening to it would be a severe blow to the army.

If Lafayette had had the eyes to look into Philadelphia's streets from the heights of Barren Hill, and to penetrate the walls of a certain mansion belonging to a rich Quaker, how amazed he would have been. Weary from the long hardships of the winter, doubtless he would have thought he dreamed; for the British in Philadelphia were making merry. A carnival was going on in compliment to General Howe, who was returning to England to be replaced by General Clinton. The river was thronged with boats, gay with flags. In a splendid galley the generals floated, squired by flatboats. After an aquatic parade the party



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alighted and proceeded to an open amphitheater. Here a group of fair women sit enthroned, dressed in full Turkish costume, while before them British soldiers, tricked out in red-and-white satin and who knows what more, make a mock tournament. The Knights of the Burning Mountain, the Knights of the Blended Rose, they are styled. One knight in a bright suit of scarlet attracts our attention. He is young, witty, talented. The ladies adore him. It is to his ingenuity and industry that they owe much of this day's pleasure. He is Major John André. He is squired by his young brother, a lad of nineteen. The great tickets of red and gold, emblazoned with General Howe's arms and with other devices, are André's invention. When the tournament is over, we see him again at the tea, the dance, the supper that follows. How proud the Tory girls are when he shows them favor! Little does he wreck of an anxious young Frenchman entrenching



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himself on Barren Hill on that May day. Little does Lafayette know of André and his gay folly, yet it is destined that they two are to meet in a grave hour.

Washington had ordered Lafayette to procure "trusty and intelligent spies" to help him to gather information of British movements, but before this could be done a "trusty and intelligent" British spy had succeeded in informing General Howe of Lafayette's post. On the evening of the following day a good patriot managed to get the intelligence to Lafayette that two detachments of British were marching upon him. With incredible rapidity the British arrived. An older head than Lafayette's might have been flustered by the sight of General Grant before him and the knowledge that General Gray was behind him. Other troops were advancing in the other direction. The words of Washington must have leaped at "the Marquis" from the written orders. "You will remember that your



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detachment is a very valuable one and that any accident happening to it will be a severe blow to this army." Plainly he must retreat at once.

The one road that led to safety was a long one. The British were situated so that they could reach the ford on the river that must be crossed by a shorter route. By various subterfuges, however, Lafayette managed to conceal his movements. When soldiers were seen filing in good order over Maddock's Ford, the British did not dream Lafayette's main division was passing. With a loss of eight or nine men, the young General managed to save the detachment of the army entrusted to his care. What rejoicing there must have been when he arrived, a little breathless, at the anxious camp! Washington dubbed it a masterly retreat, but Lafayette in the letter he wrote to Henry Laurens, President of Congress, spoke of it more modestly. The letter was written in English, with which he still struggled, and ran as follows:



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"I have received your late obliging favor and return you my very sincere thanks for it. If there is something to be praised in our late retreat, it is much more owing to the intelligence of the officers, to the spirit and good order of the soldiers I had the honor to command, than to any merit of my own — our detachment was a fine one, and with such officers and men as I had that day, I schall willingly meet the best english troops upon equal terms — there was already spent among them a pride, a confidence, an esprit de corps as could distinguish the best part of a veteran army."

A little over a month after Lafayette's cool retreat from Barren Hill under the very nose of the British, he took part in a fierce and bloody battle in Monmouth County, near Freehold, New Jersey. To see this battle in a series of scenes we must first imagine ourselves at Valley Forge where, on the 18th of June, Gen-



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THE OLD CHURCH AT FREEHOLD, NEW JERSEY

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eral Washington gets important news. A Mr. Roberts, a landholder in the valley, I take it, hastens to him with the intelligence that the British are leaving Philadelphia. At once there is much excitement in Valley Forge. The entire camp makes haste to follow, without delay, that long train of troops and baggage-vans that steal out of Philadelphia. Off they all go, therefore, in the hot June weather. Among them are many of the officers we have met on former occasions. General Greene, great man and great soldier, is there, serving the army at present as quartermaster; young Hamilton, aide-de-camp still to Washington; and General Lafayette, as full of mettle as is his horse, ride by. Among the officers we must make the acquaintance straightway of a new figure in our tale, General Charles Lee, lately restored to the American army by exchange from an English prison camp. A strange, sinister figure is this Lee, English by birth, but by military service and



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by travel a citizen of many lands. The army have much faith in his ability and welcome him back with joy. Lafayette describes Lee's person in these words: "His features were plain, his turn of mind caustic, his feelings ambitious and avaricious, his temper uncomplying and his whole appearance singular and unprepossessing." And so, having made the acquaintance of the new addition to our party, we will set off in hot pursuit of the British troops.

They are plainly making their way across New Jersey, planning apparently to go back to New York. The American troops follow warily about a march behind. At a council of war the American generals differed widely as to the advisability of attacking this foe. Lee was most emphatic in urging inaction. Lafayette felt, on the contrary, that it would have been disgraceful to let the enemy trail across New Jersey unmolested. The majority, however, were with Lee. That night Lafayette again urged the



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chief to attack and General Greene and young Alexander Hamilton seconded his advice.

A question next arose concerning the command of a certain detachment. By seniority it belonged to Lee. When he declined command, Lafayette was selected. Instantly, Lee reasserted his right, on second thoughts yielded the point, but only to change his mind a second time, capriciously claiming it again. Again Lafayette gracefully yielded. The detachment somewhat increased will be under Lee, then, with Lafayette in a minor rôle. Lee's responsibility was grave, as Washington had determined to attack.

The scene of the battle that is now about to rage might be the setting for some gentle rural drama. The peaceful country court-house at Monmouth, a parsonage and a barn, an orchard from which the blossoms have only lately scattered in the wind. And yet about this court-house and about the parsonage men are to meet



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in deadly grip, their muskets cracking all day long under a blistering sky. The day is Sunday, the 28th of June, 1778. A year earlier Lafayette had been riding through the States, all so new to him, toward Philadelphia.

The intricacies of the military plan of Washington do not, for our purposes, concern us. Sufficient it is to say that the division under Lee and Lafayette was ordered to set upon the British at a certain point; that after some brisk firing, without apparent reason, Lee ordered a retreat at a moment when victory seemed not uncertain.

The troops fell back, puzzled and confused. Suddenly the news came to Washington that the attack had collapsed. What a picture we have of him, charging in majesty down upon them, speaking to Lee in vigorous terms, stemming the retreat as he spoke. Accounts of Washington's wrath differ, not as to its intensity, but as to its expression. It is a mooted



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point whether or not he swore at Lee or only spoke to him with severity. The world is rather inclined to believe the story that he cried out "Damned poltroon!" and to credit even the enthusiastic statement of one old general that "he swore like an angel from Heaven." Certain it is that Washington made his attitude clear, for Lee himself, in a letter written after the battle, stated sarcastically that "the thanks I received from His Excellency was of a singular nature."

At the inquiry into Lee's conduct that afterwards took place, Washington could say calmly, "I am not conscious of having made use of any singular expressions at the time of my meeting you, as you insinuate." Doubtless the pattern of veracity spoke the truth. In the heat of battle witnesses grow confused. Still, it is more than likely that His Excellency at least *looked* the words "Damned poltroon" as he stemmed the retreat that day; for he did stem the re-



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treat. "He directed the whole," said Hamilton, "with the skill of a master workman." And all the time the sun beat down on both armies with a pitiless neutrality. The young men in red coats, heavily dressed in good English wool, staggered forth with parched throats and swollen tongues, firing at the ragged young men in Continental uniforms, blindly obeying orders of unseen forces behind them; and men of both armies dropped dead by the score all that long Sunday, some from wounds, some merely from the pitiless heat. Their young bodies, formed to do the useful work of peace, were thrown into hastily dug trenches and covered shallowly with earth.

Among them fell a British sergeant who towered to seven feet and four inches. The "high sergeant" his fellows had called him. Perhaps the shot that laid him low on the field of Monmouth came from a cannon manned by a strange figure. In the early hours of the fight, a robust



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woman had gone to and fro with water to the cannoneer who had managed that gun. He was the woman's husband, and she braved shot and shell that he should not thirst. He had fallen at last, and with the same quiet courage, this woman, dressed in a skirt and rough artillery jacket, aimed that deadly gun on the redcoats. Molly Pitcher she was *called; Sergeant* Molly Pitcher, by order of General Washington, after that day.

And then at last night came: a hot night with a moon. Both British and Americans fell on the ground for what repose they could get. Washington, spent from his fearful day, spread his military cloak on the ground and lay down on the hard, dry earth to rest. Beside him, sharing the cloak, lay Lafayette. In low tones they reviewed the day, Lee's unaccountable conduct, their losses, which had been less than those of the British, forming some plan for the morrow. But with the morning came release



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from conflict, for the British, having little to gain by further fighting, had retreated quietly in the night.

Had Washington been able, as he had wished, to give Lafayette command of the division that was commanded by Lee, the day would have been one of decisive victory; for it is unthinkable that "the Marquis" would have ordered a retreat. As it was, he bore himself bravely through all the day. A fellow officer, Colonel Willett of New York, in a letter written after the action, said of him: "I have been charmed with the blooming gallantry and sagacity of the Marquis de Lafayette, who appears to have every requisite to become a great general."

And when these words were written, the young Frenchman was not yet twenty-one years old.

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## CHAPTER IV

*Bethlehem*

LET us leave for a moment the hills and rivers of the States where battles rage and seek a little town in the hills of northeastern Pennsylvania where a religious community of men and women live in peace and in love. They dwell in large, well-built houses of stone, the single women in one, the single brethren in another, the widows by themselves, the families in still another group. For the accommodation of those strangers who pass through the town the community maintains the Sun Inn. Over the archway under which the carriages drive they have lettered the cordial words, "Good-bye, come soon again." They call themselves Moravians, or United Brethren. For thirty years they have been in America, having come from Germany for the pacific purpose of converting the Indians. One Christmas Eve,



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after prayer, they named their settlement Bethlehem, in honor of the Nativity. So it was that the home of a great steel works received its name!

When the war opened, the Moravians asked to be excused from military service, and this request was granted. The stress of the times, however, made it impossible to leave the good brethren and sisters in undisturbed pursuit of their missionary work. Bethlehem was too near Philadelphia not to furnish a tempting place of retreat. The well-built, commodious houses of the society were too well adapted for military hospitals to escape being taken over. In the house of the brethren rows and rows of shattered forms were laid. Bethlehem overflowed to bursting with refugees from Philadelphia, with members of the fleeing Congress, with the sick and the wounded soldiers.

In the diaries of the society the methodical



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BETHLEHEM

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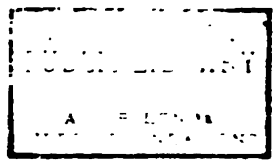

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German brethren recorded these things. Today we can still read this minute record of the troubled times in those calf-bound books, providing we have eyes for the fine German script, sometimes faint with age.

The Moravians had a good friend in Henry Laurens of South Carolina, member of Congress. Doubtless the brother who made the entry in the diary for September 21, 1777, had his pleasure in noting the fact that "Our friend and protector Henry Laurens of South Carolina, with many other notables, arrived. They attended our English service. Towards evening the sick and the wounded from Bristol began to arrive and the influx of strangers became greater, so that the Sun Tavern could not hold them. Among others arrived General Woodward, Col. Armstrong and the young Marquis de Lafayette with a suite of French officers. The last-named gentleman had been disabled by a wound received in the battle of



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Brandywine and had come here for medical treatment."

The Sun Inn was given over to the officers, and here it was that Lafayette, with a wound in his leg, was carried up the broad stairs and placed in the little suite of rooms on the second floor. Near him hovered affectionately his aide Gimat, one of the officers who had crossed the sea and had journeyed with him from Charleston.

The inn was crowded and noisy and the wounded Marquis remained there but a few days. He was removed to a private house of Moravians the better to be nursed by Sister Boeckel and her daughter Leisel.

It may have been that this plan for Lafayette's comfort was owing to the solicitation of Henry Laurens, for, on September 25, Lafayette penned him a note thanking him for some service. The English with which he struggled has its charm:



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"dear sir,

Trouble some it will be to you for ever to have been so kind with me, because it seems me Now that I became in right by my first obligations of disturbing you for my businesses. Therefore I take the liberty reposing myself upon your friendship about one very great interest of my heart—"

And then he goes on to plead with Laurens to help him in tracing a packet of letters lately arrived from France. He concluded the letter with a report of his wound:

"My leg is in about the same state and without your kindness would be in a very bad one; for my heart is full of all the sentiment of gratitude and affection which I have the honor to be with

"Dear sir, your most obedient servant,

"the marquis de Lafayette.

"Bethlehem, 25th September, 1777."



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In writing to his wife a week later from his bed in Bethlehem, Lafayette is careful to belittle his injury:

"But let us speak about the wound: it is only a flesh wound, and has neither touched bone nor nerve. The surgeons are astonished at the rapidity with which it heals; they are in an ecstacy of joy each time they dress it, and pretend it is the finest thing in the world: for my part, I think it most disagreeable, painful and wearisome; but tastes often differ: if a man, however, wished to be wounded for his amusement only, he should come and examine how I have been struck, that he might be struck precisely in the same manner. This my dearest love, is what I pompously style my wound, to give myself airs, and render myself interesting."

He ends the letter: "Adieu, adieu, my dearest life, continue to love me for I love you most tenderly." And at this point doubtless the



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tedium of a long day was broken by a visit from the devoted Gimat or some one of the many officers or members of Congress who were constantly passing through Bethlehem.

The days perforce passed slowly in Bethlehem. There was little that an injured man could do except read and write. Lafayette wrote incessantly — to Henry Laurens asking various favors for French officers; to M. de Maurepas, offering to conduct some Americans to the Isle of France to concert with individuals an attack upon the English factories. He wrote, too, to the commander of Martinique and proposed to him to make a descent upon the English islands under American colors. And while his mind was full of such fiery projects, the good Moravian brothers lectured him gently upon his warlike folly, little knowing that the young man who listened to them so courteously was planning all the time to set Europe and Asia "in a flame."



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That the brothers should treat him with the greatest kindness and love was only natural; it was Lafayette's good fortune all his life to inspire such feelings wherever he found himself. With his universal consideration for others, his bright interest in all about him, he must have been a delightful guest. Indeed, tradition likes to assert that Leisel, the young girl who helped in the care of him, was so enamored of his winning personality that she never married. This does not seem very likely, however, quick as we all are to suspect romance when youth meets youth; for Lafayette was three years her junior and doubtless talked to her of his beloved far-away wife and his little daughter Henriette. And yet there is no question that the young marquis was a romantic and charming personality — even a sober, God-fearing Moravian girl might have allowed herself to sigh when the room he had so long occupied was empty. Moreover, had she ever caught a



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glimpse of those ardent letters Lafayette sent to Adrienne, she might have formed a new conception of conjugal life that was not conducive toward acceptance of the Moravian custom of selecting mates by lot. And so Leisel Boeckel never married — let us make what we choose of that fact.

Before he left the Boeckel roof, Lafayette was able to sit up in a chair, a solid chair with a foot-rest and comfortable, winged arms. And after the sardonic fashion of inanimate things this old chair still exists, continuing stoutly to serve new generations. Perhaps it was when he was able to so far leave his bed that he asked some good brother for a book with which he might pass away the time. It was like the brother to bring the Frenchman, who had known the court of Louis XVI, a history of the missions in Greenland. It was like Lafayette to read it through and to express himself to that good brother as "highly pleased." All



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of which the brother recorded methodically in his journal.

But at last the day came for leave-taking of little Bethlehem in the hills. Like a blooded horse wild to be in action, Lafayette had been held there during the battle of Germantown, during the English occupation of Philadelphia. He could wait no longer. Though his wound was not quite healed and he could not yet bear his boot upon his leg, he determined to be off. In the hurry of his departure he wrote in English once again to Laurens:

"dear sir,

"At length I go to camp and I see the end of my so tedious confinement. My wound (though the skin is not yet quite over) seems to me in so fine a way of recovery that I judge myself able to play my part in our first engagement. . . . I beg your pardon, sir, for a letter which I could not aide myself though I



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could wrait it your unhappiness, but I am in the hurry of my so pleasant departure.

. . . . . .

"bethlehem for the last time, the saturday, October 18, 1777."

In tracing Lafayette's footsteps through America the path often grows dim. Old sites are lost; old villages have become roaring cities; the very beds of the rivers he crossed have changed their courses. But in Bethlehem the path grows plain again. We pause before the door of the old Sun Inn which, even with its modern addition, is still so like the inn over whose threshold Lafayette was carried after Brandywine. Before its door a dim old sign swings still, picturing the early house, with an Indian and a soldier proudly pointing to its grandeur. Within the archway we can still read the house's farewell to all who came: "Good-bye, come soon again." Within the door the



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prints which the house has accumulated through the years hang thick upon the wall. Many of them must have been there when Lafayette dwelt in Bethlehem. He may well have looked at that one picturing the waters before Charleston with the great winged ships riding proudly at anchor.

Up the broad stairs we go, thankful that they have known no change, to that suite of rooms Lafayette occupied until the inn grew so crowded that he was removed to the house of the Boeckels. The house of that good sister is no more; a modern store stands on the site. But on one of the streets of Bethlehem other Boeckels still dwell, descendants of that hospitable and kindly family. Within their present habitation we find preserved as a family treasure the chair in which Lafayette sat during those slow days of convalescence. In its winged arms we can fancy the tall form of the young Marquis bending over the history of the mis-



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sions which the brethren asked him to read. As we know, the great work of the Moravians was the conversion of the Indians. They believed in their red brothers and worked long for their salvation. During these weeks Lafayette, with his ready sympathy, must have listened to many tales of the red men, and I like to think that it was here that his own love for the Indians first was born. For certain it is that from his early youth in America to his hale old age when he returned for his great tour, Lafayette and the Indians were friends. "Kiyala," father, the Indians afterwards christened him. And so the good Moravians probably had their part in widening the sympathy and the understanding of the young soldier who fell to their care.

And now, leaving the house where the old armchair is treasured, we must not neglect to visit one more street in Bethlehem, for we have not seen the town that Lafayette knew unless we visit the great community houses in which



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the Moravian sisters and brethren dwelt. Great halls they are, built to withstand the ages. Stepping into the house of the sisters with its strong arches and brick floors we are in another age. Over these floors, down that rude stairway the sisters that ministered to the soldiers of the Revolution passed. Across the street still stands the house of the brethren where the sick were brought in great numbers so that the halls were crowded with their wounded or fever-racked forms. Undoubtedly if Lafayette could walk on his wounded leg, he must have found his way to this hospital before he left Bethlehem.

But those evil days are long past. The halls no more resound with the groans and sighs of the wounded. To-day the house of the brethren has become a school for girls. In the lively fancy of these young persons a certain spot on the floor of one of the rooms with deeply recessed windows became for them "the blood of



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Lafayette." "The blood of Lafayette is under your bed," they would whisper to some newcomer in one of the neat dormitories. When the spot was painted out, they sighed in their sense of deprivation, "We have lost the blood of Lafayette." The fact that Lafayette had at no time been housed here in no way detracted from the girls' pleasure in the story, for they loved to cherish even the imaginary sign of the presence of that guest who once upon a time came to the little town of Bethlehem.

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## CHAPTER V

*Valley Forge*

IT is a bitter winter's day in the year 1777. Through a blinding snowstorm we can make out a wandering city of log huts. Now and then we descry men passing from cabin to cabin, some of them so poorly clad that we are not apt to suspect them of being soldiers. Surely they are some vast rabble of raggamuffins encamped here in the snow between the hills of Valley Forge. Inside the huts many lie ill. Others stay indoors — excused from all duty — from lack of shoes, lack of coats, lack of very shirts. One of the officers is put to it to make a coat of an old dressing-gown, to shut out the icy winds.

In the house where the commander-in-chief is stationed, he and his staff chafe and confer as to what is to be done to hold this army together until spring; what is to be done to



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make plain to Congress that supplies must be forthcoming; that interesting as excuses are, often good as they are, excuses will not feed and clothe the starving and the freezing. The army has been forced more than once to forage for food over the country side, tearing by force from the country folk live-stock and grain. It is work American men do not relish.

Among the officers that meet and confer at at all times with the commander-in-chief on these problems, we meet Lafayette, the French nobleman, lately dismissed from Bethlehem as convalescent. The situation of the army induces Washington to dip his pen again and again in the ink and pour out his impatience to the President of Congress. As his chosen confident Lafayette probably heard such denunciations against the legislative body at first hand.

"I do not know," Washington wrote on December 22, addressing himself to the President of Congress, "from what cause this alarming



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deficiency or rather failure of supplies arises, but unless more vigorous exertions and better regulations take place in that line immediately, this army must dissolve."

A day later he is even more insistent:

"I am now convinced beyond all doubt that unless some great and capital change suddenly takes place in that line this army must inevitably be reduced to one or the other of three things; starve, dissolve or disperse in order to obtain subsistence in the best manner they can."

And a few weeks later, when the new year had dawned with little hope in sight of relief, we look in upon Lafayette busily pouring forth his own sentiments upon Valley Forge in a letter to his wife:

"What a date, my dearest love, and from what a region I am now writing in the month of January. It is a camp in the center of woods, fifteen hundred leagues from you, and I find myself enclosed in the midst of winter. It is not



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very long since we were only separated from the enemy by a small river; we are at present stationed seven leagues from them and it is in this spot that the American army will pass the whole winter, in small barracks which are scarcely more cheerful than dungeons."

And then he explains to her at length his reasons for lingering here, far from all whom he loved, telling her of how the English have delighted in spreading the report that the Frenchmen were to quit the country in disgust and that should he carry out their prophecy, many other Frenchmen would follow his example. "General Washington," moreover, "would feel very unhappy if I were to speak of quitting him; his confidence in me is greater than I dare acknowledge on account of my youth . . . a peculiar circumstance is occurring at this moment which renders my presence of some use to him. This is not the time to speak of my departure."

And at this point the youthful Major-Gen-



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eral sighs and looks out, doubtless on the falling snow, as he loses himself in dreams of France; of his wife with a new baby in her arms, a baby whom he has never seen; of her with his two children in the beautiful, well-appointed palace of the Duke her father; of friends everywhere, there and at the court; and then he writes again, on and on, a long letter destined to go a long way, concluding it with the fond words, "Adieu, adieu. Continue to love me and forget not for a moment the unhappy exile who thinks incessantly of thee with renewed ardor and tenderness." And then he seals his letter and faces another night and day at Valley Forge.

No, it was no time for a true friend of Washington to take even a temporary leave of absence. Harried by incompetent civilian support, hounded by carping criticism from the ill-informed or the captious, the General needed the sustaining love of every true patriot. And Lafayette did not fail him. He was ever at hand



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bearing the hardships of the camp, encouraging the soldiers by his own endurance, sustaining his chief with that high faith that he was to give Washington to the end of that great commander's days.

Down the ages come the voices of the carpers, the near-sighted folk who wanted immediate results at any cost, the opinionated who implied that left to them the war would be quickly won. But the letters of Lafayette echo fine ringing notes of high faith in Washington. Almost at random we can turn the pages. To his wife, to his father-in-law, to Baron von Steuben, the Prussian officer who had crossed the sea to teach the troops Prussian discipline, Lafayette's praise is written, as if his pen could not touch paper without overflowing with praise for his hero.

"Our general is a man formed in truth for this revolution, which could not be accomplished without him. I see him more intimately



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than any other man and I see that he is worthy of the adoration of his country. . . . I admire each day more fully the excellence of his character and the kindness of his heart. Some intriguing, jealous men have endeavored to ruin his reputation; but his name will be revered in every age by all true lovers of liberty and humanity. Although I may appear to be eulogizing my friend, I believe the part that he makes me act, gives me the right of avowing publically how much I admire and respect him."

The intriguing men of whom the Marquis writes in this letter were composed of a small faction, banded together either by agreement or a natural affinity of ill-will to belittle Washington and elevate General Gates, a general who had been successful in the Northern campaign. General Gates was apparently, perhaps not unnaturally, not disinclined to rise at the expense of the chief commander. In Congress he could count on an alarming number of adherents.



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Among them we find the Mr. Lovell who had received Lafayette with such coldness and rudeness.

But our story's purpose does not embrace the ins and outs of this quarrel except as it touches upon the attitude of Lafayette. It was natural that the opposing faction should try to win him to their side; it was natural, Lafayette being the man he was, that they should utterly fail to do so. General Gates headed the Board of War and used his power in an adroit way to capture the young Frenchman, penned in the dismal confines of Valley Forge, by appointing him commander of an expedition into Canada. The appointment was one to flatter and delight a young man longing for action and a chance to win glory. But in the midst of his exultation Lafayette showed a caution that was born of loyalty rather than experience or temperament. Noting that Conway, Gates's most active adherent, was to be one of his aides and that the



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command was not to be under Washington, Lafayette took care to stipulate that his good friend De Kalb should replace Conway and that Washington should take the affair under his command. These points granted, he set forth for York, Pennsylvania, where the Board of War and Congress were sitting.

The scene that follows has its dramatic element. Let us enter into Lafayette's feelings of exultation as he gallops over the roads, leaving Valley Forge behind him in the cold and the snow, his mind fired with the possibility of freeing Canada, New France, from the yoke of England; of having it acclaimed in the streets of Paris, in the court, that he — the son of France — had been the liberator of all those other Frenchmen in the Northern provinces.

It is night when he enters the streets of York. General Gates, some one informs him, is at home. And Lafayette rides to his door. The servant informs him that the General is dining,



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but ushers him into the room where Gates and his chosen friends sit at table. How welcome they make him! How encouraging they are! Defeat in their presence seems a shadow, left behind at Valley Forge. Their enthusiasm, in the formal, old fashion, finds expression in many toasts. Smilingly Lafayette acknowledges, we can imagine, those to his country, those to the luck of his expedition; but without a smile he notes one omission, an omission that he has the honesty and the courage to rectify the instant the occasion presents itself. The moment comes. They wish a toast from him. He rises. The smile has faded from his face. He is grave—we dare affirm—and his voice is steady:

"Gentlemen, I propose a toast to the commander of the United States Armies, His Excellency General Washington."

It is drunk in silence, sullenly enough. The boy has made his allegiance clear.



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February and March pass in slow agony at Valley Forge; conditions are little better; all the thunderings of Washington bring but temporary relief in the deadlock that exists between state and army. Lafayette is far away in Albany. Letters arrive from him now and then — letters showing bitter disillusionment. The expedition into Canada is an impossibility. It always had been an impossibility. Its very instigators had known its chimerical character. Lafayette has a boyish horror of the news drifting to France that he had failed — a boyish belief that he would be the figure of ridicule. His great friend, in the midst of many duties, soothes him with kind words. Then April comes. The sun comes out and smiles on Valley Forge. The men who have survived take heart in spite of the graves they have dug through the winter. One April day the young Marquis comes back, full of new hope, like April herself. News has been drifting across the sea that



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France would come out on the side of the Americans. In May the news becomes official. Our last picture of Valley Forge is so joyous that it well may blot out the winter. Let no American ever pause in the valley or look down the Schuylkill without bringing to mind that here the army celebrated the alliance between their country and her great sister across the sea.

Let us mask ourselves as onlookers of the countryside, perhaps countrymen who have had their cattle and their grain forcibly taken from them that very winter by the desperate army pressed to forage for its sustenance. That is forgotten now. No patriot has room in his heart for anything but joy.

At nine the first cannon booms over the hills. The men assemble, being a God-fearing generation, before their respective chaplains and listen to the official tidings of the great event. They must listen, too, to discourses of goodly



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length. Then throughout the morning at intervals the cannon thunder. At ten-thirty a second cannon rolls out its long peal. The men hasten to get under arms. The brigade inspectors sharply look them over. The standard has changed mightily during the winter. General von Steuben — see him over there with his decoration from the Prussian Guards on his breast — has accomplished much. Now his hour has come! The third cannon announces his triumph. The army is about to execute a maneuver. Note the commanding officers, De Kalb, Lafayette, Lord Stirling, a German, a Frenchman, and an Englishman, as if to prove that the love of freedom is not confined to the native-born. Look at the young Marquis. How splendid he is! You can tell him by his white scarf. He bears himself like a highly bred horse. The whole camp loves him. No, not all. The old German Baron is an exception. Von Steuben does not share the enthusiasm. He finds La-



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fayette willful and conceited, and cannot forgive him for joining with others to protest that there can be such a thing as too much discipline, too complicated maneuvers, serving no purpose. Each man contributes much to America, but a mutual indifference is evident.

Listen to that glorious shout from the thousands of throats — no haphazard shout, Baron von Steuben will have none of that; but at a signal a great roar in unison arises: "Huzza! Long live the King of France."

Now comes the roar of artillery again. Thirteen rounds, one round for each of the struggling States France is going to save, and then, "Huzza! Long live the friendly European powers." More artillery, thirteen pieces speaking together, and then, "Huzza for the American States!" More than Von Steuben's training goes into that mighty cheer.

And now, the review over, the officers retire to the center of the encampment with such



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ladies as grace the camp, to dine in the open air. See the officers approaching, arms locked in arms, thirteen abreast, as if to symbolize at every turn the magic number of their States. The wine flows, the toasts begin. The great chief was never in a more mellow mood. With his officers he eats and drinks under the smiling sky in great accord. Ever at his side is Lafayette, his joyous expression changing now and then to one of sharp pain as if some memory welled to the surface in spite of a stern determination to show nothing but jubilation. Washington and his close friends know the cause of that look. In the midst of the great rejoicing of these days news has come to Lafayette that his first-born little daughter is dead. In far-away France his "dear heart," his Adrienne, must bear this bitter grief without the comfort of his arms!

"The loss of our poor child," he wrote to her, "is almost constantly in my thoughts; this sad news followed immediately that of the



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treaty; whilst my heart was torn with grief, I was obliged to receive and take part in expressions of public joy. Embrace a million times our little Anastasia. Alas! She alone remains to us."

Then as he sits at the table with that same active imagination that pictures with such agonizing detail his young wife's grief, he sees another grief-stricken soul. Each roll of the cannon all that morning long, he cannot forget, has been a dire signal for a French prisoner, a soldier who has been condemned to death. Lafayette and De Kalb exchange glances. They look at Washington. Then they ask as a boon the life of the Frenchman. Washington on this day can refuse France nothing. He grants what her son asks. The man shall not die. Moreover, all the other prisoners shall be pardoned with him. I think we catch Von Steuben frowning. And so the union of France with America is marked with an act of mercy.



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How the prisoners' hearts must have leaped with relief. Their feeble huzzas echo through the valley not to be forgotten.

The day is over. The commander-in-chief with his suite rides to his quarters. A quarter of a mile away he looks back, and his party huzza and Washington waves his cocked hat. It is good to think of him in this happy mood. Valley Forge perhaps dreams of it through the ages.

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## CHAPTER VI

*France — An Interlude*

AMONG the many beautiful letters that Lafayette was constantly writing to his wife and sending across the sea by whatever chance presented itself, there is one that must have made the bright eyes of the little Marquise shine with joy, that must have been read and re-read threadbare, to her parents, to her sisters, perhaps playfully to the baby Anastasia. Its contents may even have been breathed into the ear of Marie Antoinette, the Queen. For in this letter, written from America on the 15th of September, 1778, he holds out the promise of a visit home.

Let us imagine ourselves behind the chair of Adrienne Lafayette, the joyful, trembling Marquise, in the great palace of her father in Paris, as she skips over the paragraphs that deal with the war in America, to dwell



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slowly and lovingly on those sentences that speak of Lafayette's possible return and on the words that breathe his love for her and Anastasia.

"The war which would ordinarily separate us is likely to bring us together again"; that is the first word on the subject, and the bounding of her heart begins.

". . . So, even whilst you are reading this, tell them to bring you pen and paper and send me word quickly by every possible means that you still love me and that you will be very happy to see me again.

" . . . I have been in hopes that the declaration of war would take me to France immediately; for besides all the ties of affection that are drawing me toward those I love, my devotion to my country and my great desire to serve her are also very strong motives.

". . . Now, however, the happy moment is approaching, my dear heart, when I shall be



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LA MARQUISE DE LAFAYETTE

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with you again, and the coming winter will see me happily reunited to those I love."

And he writes of little Anastasia, whom he has never seen:

"Teach her to love me by loving you."

The letter concludes: "Adieu, my dear heart. When shall I be permitted to see you and not to leave you again; to make you as happy as you will make me; to ask your pardon on my knees" —no need to do that, as he well knows; she has forgiven him over and over again for going to America. From the very first day of his departure she has held her head high among her kindred and let no one among them cast blame upon him for leaving her in an hour when she needed him most. And now when he is coming home covered with glory —! She loses herself in joyous reflections. How precious she finds those last words of this wonderful letter: "Adieu, adieu! We shall not be separated now for very long."



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Four long months were to pass, however, before Lafayette could set sail for France after receiving permission from General Washington and a furlough from Congress, to be extended at his pleasure.

When we see him again it is in the month of January, in Boston Harbor, on the ship Alliance which Congress has put at his disposal. He has lost his fine healthy color, he does not walk as steadily as usual. The friends who bid him farewell, especially his good doctor, are somewhat solicitous about him, for he has lain very ill of a fever at Fishkill for some months; indeed, it has been reported generally in the army that he is dying. But the Madeira wine of Boston, he declares, has restored him to health; in any case the fever is over, to be succeeded by the fever of departure that rages in his veins.

The wind blows gently; surely the great sails will soon fill and they can be off. But there are many delays. Boston is a good place — Lafa-



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yette has always testified to that — but France is a better. He cannot wait to depart, now that his going is assured. Boston has been most hospitable. Dr. Cochran, the good physician who has traveled with him from Fishkill and seen him on board the frigate, has had great pleasure there, dancing and singing at the assemblies most charmingly. Nevertheless, assemblies or no assemblies, Lafayette will be off, more eager to return than he was to come.

He employs the time of delay in a last letter to General Washington, expressing affection with a frankness that the young American officers would have found impossible — a frankness to which Washington, cold as he is reputed to be, always responds.

"To hear from you, my most respected friend, will be the greatest happiness I can feel. The longer the letters you write, the more blessed with satisfaction I shall think myself." And then his mind dwells on his general and all they have



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been through together. His love for America and her cause wells in his heart. After all, he will not stay long in France. "How happy, my dear General, I should be to come next spring," he adds, his mind already planning a return.

And then he remembers that his general may well wish to know something of his health, Washington having shared in the general alarm for his recovery at Fishkill. With true French courtesy he thus words his reassurance: "My health is now in the best condition and I could not remember I ever was sick were it not for the marks of friendship you gave me on that occasion. . . . Farewell, my most beloved General, it is not without emotion I bid you this last adieu, before so long a separation."

This was on January 5, but still the frigate lies at anchor. Five days later Lafayette opens his letter to His Excellency and adds a line; and this time he ends, "Adieu, my dear and ever beloved friend, adieu." Next day the sails



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are actually hoisted and again Lafayette opens his letter and adds a few words more.

"I hope your French friend will ever be dear to you; I hope I shall see you again and tell you again with what affection and respect I am forever, my dear General, your respectful and sincere friend,

"LAFAYETTE."

And this time, the sails filling with wind, Lafayette is actually off.

How Washington must have smiled as he read, in amusement and fond recollection of his "French friend." I dare say not even his worthy lady, Martha Washington, had ever written to His Excellency with such *abandon* and ardor.

Voyages were serious matters in those days. Lafayette did not see his native shores until February 12 when he landed at Brest. The ship's captain had faced a mutiny on the way



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over. He had not been able to find a proper crew and had been obliged to take what riff-raff he could get. But again the spirit that watched over Lafayette saved him by a bare chance from being given up by the mutineers to the English. The English were not to catch him then or later, and he lived through that chance as he had lived through the fever at Fishkill, to return to his country, his King, and his wife.

His country gave him a great welcome. America was the fashion. France was now the ally of that struggling land. Wherever the young man went, the people crowded to welcome him. His King, though Lafayette had left France against the royal order, could not do less than welcome him too, though the welcome had in it something of censure, mildly diluted, and the culprit was ordered imprisoned for one week—in the palace of his father-in-law, Hôtel de Noailles.

As for the gentle jailer there, Adrienne La-



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fayette, her husband's coming from America was the great moment of her pure and beautiful life. Long after, when she lay dead, Lafayette wrote to a friend that in her last delirium she was constantly imagining that she lived through these days again and that she kept reminding herself that she must not show her beloved how great was her joy at his return, for fear of wearying him! With all the will in the world, I think that noble and gentle soul could not have concealed from one, so glad to feel the assurance of her love, the satisfaction she felt in his presence.

And so for a week he dwelt captive in the Hôtel de Noailles. But even here, in this gentle custody, Adrienne Lafayette paid the penalty of having married a man born to be a public favorite. Callers were constantly appearing at the palace, and she must share with the world the man who united two continents.

Every honor was paid him. The Queen gave



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him several audiences, the King gave him command of the royal dragoons; at the theater any reference that might be construed to mean Lafayette was wildly cheered. These lines from the tragedy "Gaston and Bayard" were thought to describe the young hero with such fidelity that Marie Antoinette copied them in her own fair hand:

"Why talk of youth
When all the ripe experience of the old
Dwells with him? In his schemes profound and cool
He acts with wise precaution and reserves
For time of action his impetuous fire.
To guard the camp, to scale the leaguered wall
Or dare the hottest of the fight, are toils
That suit the impetuous bearing of his youth;
Yet, like the gray-haired veteran, he can shun
The field of peril. Still before my eyes
I place his bright example, for I love
His lofty courage and his prudent thought.
Gifted like him a warrior has no age."

The command of the dragoons soon took Lafayette from Paris. We find his letters back to America headed "St. Jean d'Angely" and



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"Havre." He was in constant touch with the great political leaders of France, begging them to send troops to America, asking for money, conferring with the American representatives and regretting that a factional dispute split them even here in France. He was called upon on every hand as the man who knew the whole American situation best and could best advise what part France should play in her destiny. It was a busy year in France, with small time, I should think, to spend in the Hôtel de Noailles with those who had waited and watched for his coming.

When it was finally decided to send troops to America, there was some thought of giving the command to Lafayette, but in the end it was decided that an older man, high in rank in France, should be at the head of the troops — no other than the Comte de Rochambeau.

But with all this multiplicity of interests, Lafayette found time for his usual courtesies.



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He wrote a charming letter to Laurens, President of Congress, telling him of the welcome France had given after he had been brought "by your attentive goodness" safe to his "native shore." And he gave the credit to Congress for his royal welcome, on account of the letters in his commendation they were pleased to write. No wonder Congress, in these troubled days, when so many were prolific in their criticisms, loved the man who was so genuinely grateful for the courtesy shown him.

Crowded as Lafayette's days were, he made time for a letter to his good friend, Dr. Cochran, that accompanied a present of a watch. "My health, dear Doctor, that very health you have almost brought back from the other world, has been just as strong and as hearty as possible. As during my fit of illness the watch I then had was of great service to you for feeling the pulse, I thought such a one might be convenient, which I have entrusted to



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the Chevalier and I beg leave to present you with."

There were, of course, letters to Washington, in one of which Lafayette confided to his general that Ireland "is a good deal tired of English tyranny. I, in confidence, tell you, that the scheme of my heart is to make her as free and independent as America." And he tells his general also that the quarrels of the factions at home have a bad effect on the other side of the water. "For God's sake keep them from disputing together."

"I have a wife," he adds, "who is in love with you, and her affection for you seems to me to be so well justified that I cannot oppose myself to that sentiment of hers." And with the "highest respect, with the most sincere and tender friendship that ever human heart has felt," Lafayette closes his letter.

France had various plans for attacks on England and Lafayette was stationed at Havre while



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one of these was brewing. The attack was not made, but we must pause at Havre long enough for a very pleasant occasion. The grandson of Franklin comes to present to Lafayette the beautiful sword Congress had ordered Franklin to have made as a tribute of their regard. The letter of the old Philadelphia printer that accompanies the gift is a graceful one. The sword has been made in France and Franklin can say of its workmanship, therefore, "By the help of the exquisite artists of France, I find it easy to express everything but the sense we have of your worth, and our obligations to you for this, figures and even words are found insufficient."

And Lafayette, looking with a young man's delight upon the devices that represented the battle-fields where he had figured, could say, with a fine modesty, "In some of the devices I cannot help but finding too honorable a reward for those slight services which, in concert with my fellow soldiers and under the God-like



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SWORD PRESENTED TO LAFAYETTE BY THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

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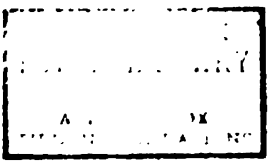

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American hero's orders, I had the good fortune to render."

Then, characteristically, he does not forget to make mention of the grandson of Franklin who had brought the sword and to gratify the grandfather by assuring him that "the polite manner in which Mr. Franklin was pleased to deliver the inestimable sword lays me under great obligations to him and demands my particular thanks."

And so the year passed away. Lafayette had said in the letter which promised his wife this visit that he looked forward to the hour when he should be permitted to see her and not to leave her again. But that was not to be. America pulled too hard at his heartstrings. He had gone too far to be content to sit idly in France hoping for some engagement against England nearer home. Therefore he left his native shore once again for America on March 14, 1780,



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his heart bounding within him at the great piece of news he was authorized to carry to his commander-in-chief — that of the sure coming of French troops to America under Rochambeau. Congress had thought best not to solicit troops of France, owing to the national jealousy they believed sure to be aroused, but Lafayette daringly disobeyed their injunctions feeling sure that by the time the troops could arrive, Congress would see the wisdom of his act. Such proved to be the case. It must have taken courage on the part of so young a man to set his judgment against that of the legislative body.

On the 26th of April, Lafayette lay on board ship in Boston Harbor once more. He could hardly wait to notify Washington. Even before landing he wrote a letter which began, "Here I am again, my dear General, and, in the midst of the joy I feel, in finding myself again one of your loving soldiers, I take but the time to tell you that I came from France on board a



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frigate which the King gave me for my passage." On the 28th he landed and was borne by the joyous crowd to the house of John Hancock.

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## CHAPTER VII

*Two Young Men*

ON a certain September evening during the occupancy of New York City by the British an English officer pleasantly entertained General Clinton and his staff in a house that stood at what is now Thirty-fourth Street and Second Avenue.

Among the guests was one of unusually pleasing address and person, a favorite with Clinton, who delighted to shower him with favors. This was Major John André, a young man in his twenty-ninth year. During the period when the British had occupied Philadelphia the Tories had known him well. They had laughed at his witty compositions and admired his sketches and his singing. The ladies had declared there was no more charming man in the army, while the men had acknowledged that



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his social gifts in no way detracted from his manly and upright character.

On this September evening, as usual André's gifts were in demand. As we look in upon the company we find him singing a popular drinking-song of the day with such emotion that passers-by — even good Americans — listened, we can imagine, with pleasure to the fresh young voice:

> "Why, soldiers, why
> Should we be melancholy, boys?
> Why, soldiers, why
> Whose business 't is to die?" —

the singer carols, and doubtless as he sings, if his mind lingers on the words, he pictures himself on the battle-field pursuing the rebellious subjects of King George with fearless courage. If he sees Death at all, he sees that grim figure with laurel in his hand.

Likely enough, after the manner of soldiers, however, Death is the last thing in André's thoughts. Much more likely his mind is drift-



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ing idly noting the company, the smiles of his general, dwelling one moment on his family in England—a mother and sister—the next on the adventure he is soon to undertake for Clinton up the river that is flowing by them to the sea.

On this same September evening another young man also attends his general; and he also is well beloved. These other two have no minds for song; nor have they time for idle, happy evenings. They ride to Hartford to meet Comte de Rochambeau, commander-in-chief of the French troops lately landed in America. And the two riders think always of but one thing—how to rid the land of the British whom we have just left in New York City.

There is a rough resemblance between Clinton's favorite and the young man who rides with Washington. Both have come from a sophisticated older world, both have grace of manner, both are courteous to superiors and civil to inferiors, both are brave and ambitious and are



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eager to distinguish themselves. Both look upon their respective generals with love and admiration.

At King's Ferry, Washington and his suite cross the river. Here they are met by a bold-faced, strong-featured officer with a decided limp, who presents various papers to Washington. The party all know this officer for General Benedict Arnold, hero of Saratoga, present commander of Fort Putnam at West Point. By him the Marquis de Lafayette sends greetings to Mrs. Arnold, the beautiful girl who had not long since become Arnold's second wife. The party promise to stop, on the return from Hartford, at Arnold's quarters on the Hudson and examine the fortifications.

And thus for André, favorite of Clinton, and for Lafayette, trusted friend of Washington, passes the 18th of September, 1780.

It is the 20th of September. Two days have



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passed since we saw General Washington and his party gallop by to Hartford; two days since we heard André sing his drinking-song. In the darkness of the autumn night we can distinguish little even on the wide expanse of the Hudson flowing past West Point on its way to New York and the sea. But as the night lightens on the river the dim outline of a British vessel can be discerned, anchored a little past the point where it is safe for enemy craft to venture. Close to the shore below the bluffs a rowboat hovers. Two sullen-faced men lean on their oars; a third, a man of gentlemanly aspect, watches the gathering light with anxious eyes. If any one in the countryside should see him there, he would be recognized as Joshua Smith, a well-to-do lawyer of Haverstraw, a friend of General Arnold.

When day breaks Smith climbs the bank and, parting the boughs of a clump of fir trees, announces to two men who whisper there that



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it is high time that the conference should come to an end; whereupon, after a moment's discussion, these two, one of whom wears the Continental uniform, decide to accompany Joshua Smith to his home and finish there whatever business they have in hand. At the summons of the man in Continental uniform, a negro servant waiting at a distance brings forward horses and the party mount and ride up the river. The youngest of them, it is noticed, is completely covered in a surtout cape.

At a certain point a sentry challenges them: "Congress," the man in blue coat and white breeches answers, and perhaps his brow clouds finding "Congress" a bitter word, that body having used him ill. The man in the cape starts perceptibly as if realizing for the first time that he is within the American lines.

Upon reaching Lawyer Smith's house the two guests are hurried to an upper chamber where Smith himself serves them soon after to



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breakfast. By the light that now floods the world we recognize one as Major André, the singer at Clinton's party, the other as General Arnold, whom we know by his limp and his uniform. What strange fortune brings these two together in the upper room of Smith's house? From the window the Vulture, the British ship, can still be seen lying daringly at anchor. It is from this ship that young André was conveyed to shore the night previous. As there was no flag of truce to cover his coming, there will be none to carry him back. Night must drop again over the world before the boatmen dare approach that black bulk. And then from one of the upper windows the man who has ventured within the lines sees an appalling sight. The Vulture is on fire. A little four-pounder cannon has done the work, pounding away from the shore like some terrier that defies a mastiff. Whether by this time General Arnold is on his way back to his own quarters,



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we do not know. Accounts differ. Wherever he is, whether at that upper window with André or halfway down the road, he may well share the alarm of his guest, for the Vulture is rapidly retreating down the river leaving the problem of the guest's return to be solved as best it may.

The day that passes for Arnold at West Point, for Lawyer Smith and André within the house, drags out its slow length. In Hartford, on the contrary, after the capricious manner of time, the hours go by swiftly. Honorable men look into each other's eyes. Rochambeau meets Washington. His suite crowd forward to have a look at the great hero of America. They feel his majesty and his stately charm, but pronounce him cold and suave. Lafayette is in his element. His countrymen meet his adopted brothers. His passionate love for the French cannot be mistaken. His infatuation with America seems equally intense. Washington looks



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on him with great kindness. To Rochambeau he is "a dear son whom he loves and will continue to esteem till his latest breath." And now as the American General and the French General talk together, Lafayette acting as interpreter, we shift our scene back once again to the Hudson.

Once more we are at the house of Lawyer Smith, the time being twilight. Suddenly the door of the house opens and the host walks forth accompanied by a young man of military carriage, clad in civilian clothes, wearing, to be exact, a maroon-colored coat and a beaver hat. Within the breast of the maroon-colored coat the man clutches a paper signed by Arnold entitling "John Anderson" to pass the sentries, and this slip of paper is all that stands between André and death. He does not sing now; the smiles have long since fled his face. With the poignant regret that so often follows swiftly upon impulse, he recalls that Clin-



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ton had forbidden him to don disguise or to go within the lines and he sighs, remembering that but for his eagerness to succeed in the task he had undertaken, he would at that moment have been comfortably dining on the ship.

We have no space to follow the ride of André and Smith down the river. We can only pause at that place where Smith deems it safe to turn back to his village and bid his charge Godspeed. It was on the edge of "no man's land," the neutral country devastated first by one army, then by the other. Across this desolate area André starts, map in hand. Meanwhile Lawyer Smith rides back, dining at Fishkill, where he comes upon General Washington and his party, returning from Hartford. Whether or not Smith's appetite was good on that night history does not say.

The next day at noon Washington and his party make their way toward West Point for



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the promised inspection of the fort. When they have almost reached their destination, Washington turns aside to show Lafayette some fortifications on the other side of the river. When Lafayette demurs that this delay will make them late for the Arnolds' breakfast, Washington smiles and says, "You are all in love with Mrs. Arnold," and keeps to his purpose. Two of his aids, one of them being young Alexander Hamilton, he dispatches to Arnold with apologies.

In their interest in the fortifications that guard the Hudson how unsuspecting the party are of the scene that has so lately been enacted on its banks. The waters give no hint of the midnight meeting in the firs, no hint of that hazardous ride of André's in his maroon-colored coat and beaver hat, nor do the party know that a person so dressed has been arrested on the edge of Tarrytown by three honest lads who have turned him over to the nearest officer to-



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gether with incriminating papers found upon his person.

Even had such news drifted to them, Washington and his party would have been far from suspecting that the handwriting of the papers was Arnold's own and that he purposed to surrender Fort Putnam to the enemy. How rapidly they would have wheeled about, one and all, could they have dreamed that even as they loitered Arnold had been stupidly informed of André's arrest by the officer to whom the prisoner had been surrendered and that this traitor had fled from his own table, leaving Washington's messengers to breakfast as they might.

About noon Washington, with Lafayette and the others, rides up to the Robinson house, Arnold's headquarters. No welcome awaits them. Washington is informed instead that Arnold has been called to West Point and that Mrs. Arnold is indisposed. Later they ride to West Point and neither is there welcome for



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His Excellency and his party here. The officer in charge greets them with many apologies; had he known of their coming, he explains, things would have been different. The fort is thinly manned. Lately it appears General Arnold has withdrawn troops for one reason or another.

At four o'clock Washington and his group ride back to the Robinson house and then the whole story breaks upon him. Letters await him from the officer who received André, as well as the papers found on André's person. There is no doubting the evidence of Arnold's black guilt. Every incident since morning points to its truth. "Gentlemen," asks Washington tensely, "whom can we trust now?"

The sickening disclosure arouses Lafayette to a fury of resentment such as we have never seen him in before. At the time of Charles Lee's trial he had congratulated himself that he had been in a position at Monmouth to know so little. Now he would be glad to pinion Arnold with



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THE BEVERLEY-ROBINSON HOUSE AT GARRISON'S, NEW YORK

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his own hands and bring him back to justice. He hopes that Arnold will be captured and hanged. He hopes that André will also be hanged, he being "a man of influence in the British army and whose very distinguished and social rank will act as a warning to men of less degree." He hopes — nay, he believes — that Arnold will have the grace to blow out his brains upon his arrival at New York. He overflows with apologies for the treason of Arnold to the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Minister from France, whom he begs not to suppose that such deeds are common in the American army, and he asks the Chevalier to remember that this is the first atrocity of the kind ever heard of in the army, declaring that he would give anything in the world if Arnold had never shared the army's labors. Throughout this impassioned letter Lafayette uses the words "our army," "our labors," as if in the hour when his adopted country was in most need of friends he would wholly



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identify himself with her. How endearing his fierce resentment, his hot loyalty, must have been to his heartsick chief!

André and Smith were respectively brought to the Robinson house before they were more securely imprisoned. Smith complained at his trial that he had been treated "with acrimonious severity and malignant bitterness" by the Marquis. Doubtless this was so, and the Frenchman's manner would have been still more severe had he guessed that Smith, with legal cunning, was to manage to clear himself; that André alone of the three conspirators was to pay the price.

In the surging hours that were to pass for all under the Robinson roof, we must not forget the gallantry and the tenderness Washington, Lafayette, and Hamilton were all to show toward Mrs. Arnold, whom they soon discovered had been thrown into a state of frenzy by her husband's hurried confession. Washington found



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time to visit her bedside and to ask for courtesy and consideration for her on the journey it was planned she should make to Philadelphia. Hamilton and Lafayette both went to her, bending over her girlish form where she lay prone clasping her infant child to her heart, while they assured her of their brotherly protection.

"We are certain," Lafayette wrote, "that she knew nothing of the plot."

But there were bad days yet to be passed through by all of them. Arnold was safe. Of that they were but too certain. Justice must pass sentence on André alone. André's trial took place in the meeting-house of the Dutch village of Tappan on the western bank of the Hudson. The case was clear. The law was clearer. The prisoner had entered the lines secretly, had been found in disguise with incriminating papers in his boots. The prisoner denied nothing, made no thin pretense, as his British friends tried to do for him, that he had come into the lines



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under a flag of truce. He faced the court bravely, with a grace and a manliness that melted all hearts, confronting General Greene, who was President of the Court of Inquiry, the five Major-Generals, of whom Lafayette was one, and the eight Brigadier-Generals, who sat in judgment upon him. At the end of the questions and the evidence, they took André back to his prison, a small stone house within a few yards of the church. That very day he learned his fate. He had been declared a spy and was to meet the death of one.

Alexander Hamilton visited André more than once. Hamilton was infatuated with André's character, with the elegance of his mind, with the nobility of his attitude. To the written request to Washington made by André asking to meet his death by the guns rather than the noose, Hamilton added his pleadings. When Washington refused, Hamilton publicly announced, in an open letter widely circulated,



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that "when André's tale comes to be told and present resentment is over, the refusing him the privilege of choosing the manner of his death will be branded with too much obstinacy."

On the 2d of October André was hanged. We have followed Lafayette from scene to scene in America. This is one we would gladly avoid. The execution takes place at Tappan. Greene and the officers of the Board are present, all honest men who have done their duty as the law outlined it to them, watching gravely as André is led forth to die. What a triumph he makes of his end! He moves with his usual grace, dressed in the uniform of a British staff officer, though without the sash, the gorget, sword, or spurs. He has no need of spurs now, for Death gallops fast. As he passes his friends he bows gravely, pausing only at sight of the gibbet made of three trees. A cart stands beneath the noose. His coffin yawns gruesomely near by. For a mo-



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ment he hesitates, choking, turning a stone over and over with his foot. Then he mounts the cart with his murmur of "It will be but a momentary pang." A moment after the man with his talents and his graces is gone. Who shall say that the world was safer without him?

Washington explained to Rochambeau in his letter that "policy required a sacrifice," adding that "André was more unfortunate than criminal."

"Never did any man suffer death with more justice," Hamilton declared, "nor deserve it less."

And Lafayette, who in his first hot resentment had so longed to see André brought to justice, wrote: "André was an interesting man, the confidant and friend of General Clinton. He conducted himself in a manner so frank, so noble, and so delicate that I cannot help feeling for him with infinite sorrow."



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## *Two Young Men*

And so we turn our eyes away from the Hudson leaving one young man dead at the foot of his gibbet while the other, who by strange fortune had witnessed so much of the tragedy, goes soberly on his more fortunate way.

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## CHAPTER VIII

*Yorktown*

IT had been in September of 1780 that Lafayette had gone with Washington up the Hudson and stumbled, as it were, upon the tragedy of Benedict Arnold's treachery. The young Major-General had witnessed his great chief's horror and pain and rage; had seen, too, the agony of Arnold's innocent wife; had lived through the days of André's trial, and had been forced to sit in judgment upon that young man of charm and talent and sign the warrant that sent him to the gallows as a spy. We may be sure that with Lafayette's loyalty to his chief, his chivalry toward women, and his naturally tender heart, these events had left their scar. When Arnold, through good fortune, escaped his countrymen's rage and appeared as an officer in the British army, prosperous and unrepentant, Lafayette's heart must



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have burned within him. When the news came that Arnold was pillaging Virginia at will, Lafayette must have rejoiced that he was chosen by Washington to go to the Old Dominion with some regiments of light infantry, reinforced by militia, to do what he could to deal with this villain.

The story of Lafayette's start, with its many delays, the story, too, of Washington's various changes of plans for the campaign, is a long one and beside the purpose of these sketches. Let us be content merely to follow Lafayette without explanation or delay as he appears and reappears for the next few spring and summer and autumn months against the background of the Old Dominion; for Virginia, more than any other State, shows us our hero at the height of his military glory, at the height of heroic young manhood; gives us the perfect portrait of the man that America loved. Like some splendid young knight, without



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fear and without reproach, he moves now through hurried scenes, so that in fancy we may liken the old State, with its towns of Richmond, Williamsburg, Fredericksburg, Yorktown, and its rivers, James, Chickahominy, Rapidan, and York, to the closely woven background of some fine old strip of tapestry where, among the leafy branches and near the curling streams of water, we shall descry many figures of young and brave men— ragged, sharp-eyed Americans, splendidly arrayed Frenchmen, weary-eyed British in their coats of red. The figure we shall come upon again and again is the one with the flashing hazel eyes, the high nose, the red hair (if we catch him without his wig), the firm mouth with its youthful, kindly curves. "The Marquis" he is ever to his adoring troops, and "the Marquis" he shall be to us.

Later, on this great scroll of tapestry we have labeled Virginia, we shall distinguish many old



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friends: Von Steuben, young Alexander Hamilton, Anthony Wayne; and later still, we shall make the acquaintance of a great group of new faces — Rochambeau, De Grasse, and the men from the army and the fleet of France, assembling here for this last act of the long fight, like the chorus in an opera. Last of all, like the hero of the opera, Washington himself will appear, towering over and above all others, shadowing even the figure of our young Marquis, who has chosen thus to be overshadowed so that in this final act of the drama the great chief may have all the glory and all the applause. And somewhere in the background there are British figures with downcast faces and furled colors — the shadows in the great fabric we are about to examine.

On the march to Virginia the troops under Lafayette were in a sullen humor. They had, indeed, little to make them feel jovial. They were months behind in their pay; they were



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wretchedly clad; they lacked shoes, overalls, hunting-shirts, and ammunition; the roads were bad and the rain incessant. These facts alone were sufficient to account for the mutinous looks they cast at their officers. Added to these troubles, they now learned that they were bound southward, far from what they supposed to be the field of action, close to malaria and sickening heat. The unity between the States was weak. Northern men as they were should protect the Northern States, they might argue. The South filled them with apprehension. They would be far from home and far from news of home. Smouldering rebellion broke forth in acts of desertion. Men threw down their guns and went home. In one night nine of the Rhode Island company — the best men Lafayette had, who had been in many campaigns — became deserters.

An older man than Lafayette might have dealt with his men summarily. A less under-



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standing heart might have pinned his faith to court martial and the gallows. But the Marquis knew what it was to be far from home, to be weary of waiting for letters, to feel the impulse to fly back whence he had come; so he looked into the faces of his men, wan with nostalgia, sullen and grim with resistance, and impulsively he addressed them: They were going, he told them, to difficulties and dangers, to face seasoned British troops. He would ask no man to follow his lead who dreaded these things. No man need desert. Instead let the faint-hearted come to him and they should receive passes through the lines and be able to wend their way back unmolested to take their place with troops in winter quarters.

It was a young man's appeal to young men. No military harshness could have worked the change these words worked among the disaffected. Perhaps looking upon him, the troops remembered how much this foreign-born noble-



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man had left behind him for the sake of a country not his own; perhaps they only knew that they loved him and trusted him and could do no less than follow where he led. They gritted their teeth, therefore, these boys from New England and New Jersey, threw back their shoulders and trudged on and on in their worn, broken old shoes, with many a look of affection toward their Marquis.

We must pause with them at Baltimore, no matter how pressed for time. For at Baltimore there was a ball for Lafayette and his officers. It would seem that he might have been glad enough to forget himself for one evening and to enjoy the beauty of the women, the good food and the cheer, forgetting the troops that waited. But he had no heart to forget. Instead, he asked the women who thronged to the ball to meet him, thrilling with the hope of being sought by him in the dance, for shirts and more shirts and for overalls and yet more overalls for



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his men. He asked the merchants for two thousand guineas to be secured by his personal note, that his men might be at least partially paid. And to the honor of the fine old city on the Chesapeake, the women and the men did not fail him. The guineas were produced from somewhere, though guineas were scarce enough, and the women set to work the next morning to stitch and to sew on coarse cloth. A Mrs. Poe, more energetic than all the rest, cut out, with her swift scissors, five hundred garments. The Marquis kept her name in his heart for many a day. Patriotic deeds, it seemed, were more apt to win the smiles of this gallant than ringlets or furbelows.

And then, the money and the clothes being a reality, Lafayette wrote to Congress to receive their commendation and endorsement, a skillful way to break through endless yards of red tape.

It was April when he left Baltimore and we



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may pause to remark that April seemed peculiarly to be associated with the appearances of this young man. When hope was darkest at Valley Forge, April brought him back from Albany with the whispered word that aid was apt to come soon from France. In another April he had landed again on these shores at Boston with the joyous news that France was sending men and money. And now in the April of 1781 he was going to Virginia, to repel Arnold's raids or to help General Greene in the Carolinas. Hope was sure to arrive with him, the omens seemed to say, as it had in the Aprils that had gone before.

There were a few groups of Virginia militia in the Old Dominion, and there was Von Steuben with a handful of troops ready to assist him. That was all. On the British side there was General Phillips, with trained men, and under him the traitor Arnold, pillaging and burning the stores of his countrymen with more zeal than



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any native born Britisher could have found it in his heart to show.

There was a race between Phillips and Lafayette for the possession of Richmond where supplies were stored. Lafayette reached there first. General Phillips looked up one April morning to find the Americans there, entrenched. He flew into a rage, they told Lafayette, and cursed the Frenchman and his luck.

And then Lafayette had his reward for quelling the mutiny, for providing for the needs of the troops, for getting them somehow to Richmond; for a letter came from the North from the great chief, containing precious words of commendation.

"For my own part, my dear Marquis," wrote Washington, "although I stood in need of no new proof of your exertions and sacrifices in the cause of America, I will confess to you, that I shall not be able to express the pleasing sensations I have experienced at your un-



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paralleled and repeated instances of generosity and zeal for the service on every occasion. Suffer me only to pursue you with my sincerest wishes that your success and glory may always be equal to your merit."

And now May, a month outwardly so beautiful in Virginia, had to be faced by Lafayette with his inadequate number of troops. Each day brought its problem and each day showed of what mettle this young commander whom Washington had trained and trusted was made. In the beginning of May the problem of Lafayette and his men was comparatively simple. With one thousand men he must keep three thousand at bay, protecting to the best of his ability the stores; doing enough mischief to keep the three thousand from turning their backs on Virginia and going to Carolina to help Cornwallis defeat General Greene. Lafayette's warm affection for the great General Greene was such that he welcomed this task.



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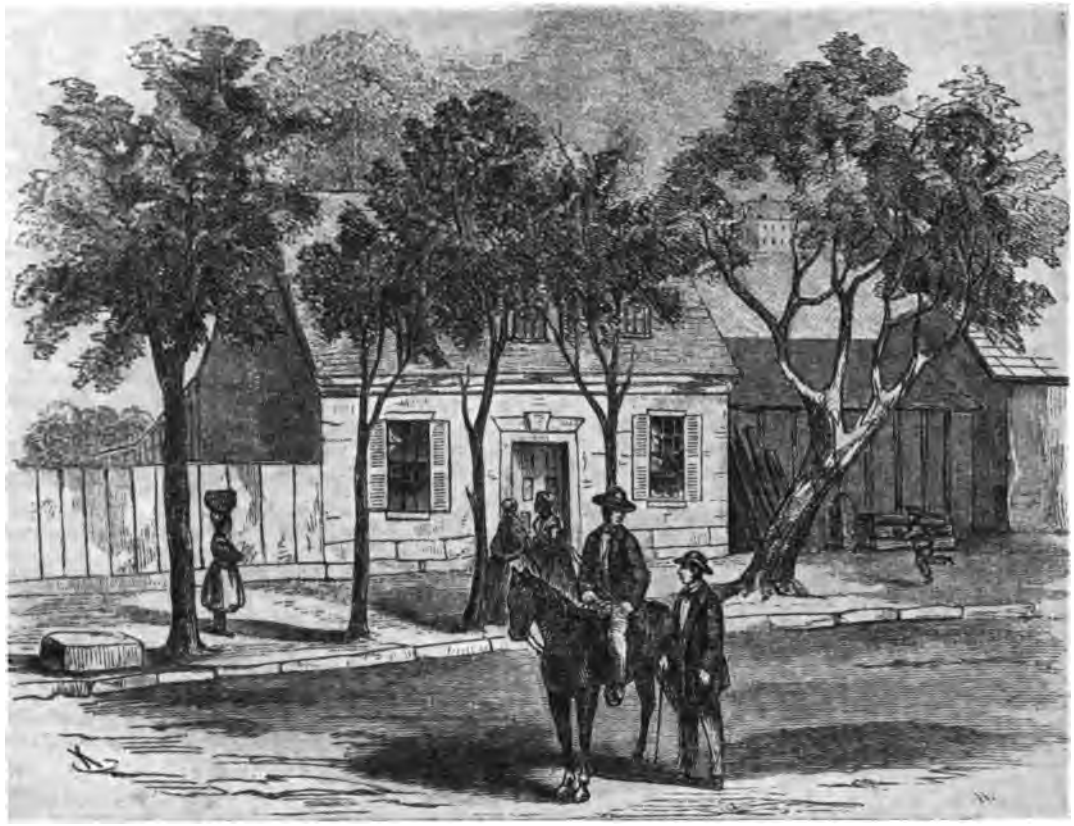

LAFAYETTE'S HEADQUARTERS AT RICHMOND

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"Had I but ships," he wrote, "my situation would be the most agreeable in the world."

Then a new, sharp turn took place in his affairs. This campaign in Virginia became suddenly a very serious business. Not even ships could have made the situation agreeable. General Greene in North Carolina, by masterly tactics, had succeeded in making it too hot there for Lord Cornwallis's comfortable occupancy. Cornwallis left the Carolinas behind him and came to Virginia with his seasoned troops to unite with Phillips. If Greene should follow he could be subdued with Phillips's aid; if Greene should not follow, Virginia could easily be taken and young Lafayette crushed, with the result that the Old Dominion would be a great wedge between North and South, preventing communication. A fine, well-conceived plan, with nothing against it but an inexperienced young man.



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"The boy cannot escape me," Cornwallis could comfortably muse. Well might Lafayette tremble as the British commander came nearer and nearer toward Phillips. Well might Arnold smile his wicked smile and congratulate himself that he had chosen, none too soon, the winning side.

Lafayette must have spent many a sleepless night. His one hope lay in reinforcements from the North, reinforcements that were said to be under way from Pennsylvania under General Wayne. Scan the roads as he might, however, no sight of fresh troops would greet his anxious eyes. He could only write for them, beg for them, and watch for them as the days dragged by. He must be on his guard to avoid an engagement with superior forces before Wayne came, so he trailed his troops northward across the State, Cornwallis at his heels, Lafayette praying meanwhile that he would strike the road Wayne would choose in enter-



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ing Virginia and that he would be able to avoid an encounter with the British.

And so May dragged by and the pupil of the great Fabius of America was not overtaken, and managed somehow to protect the most valuable of the supplies. A will-o'-the-wisp of a "boy," Cornwallis might muse, always just ahead.

For the British also May had its incidents. General Phillips died of a fever, far from home, and good, honest British men must look upon Arnold — Arnold the traitor — as chief in command It was Arnold, therefore, whom Cornwallis joined at Petersburg one May day. With what relish he found Arnold in Phillips's place we do not know. Perhaps he mused, as other men have done, on the caprice of death in choosing her victims, and made the best of the situation.

On the American side there had been much anxiety in May for the young general in command in Virginia, but June was kinder and



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brought hope with its blossoms. On the 10th of the month the long-expected Wayne arrived with the Pennsylvania troops, not as many as Lafayette had hoped for — only about eight hundred men — but enough to give the army heart. Cornwallis was no longer so eager in pursuit. Indeed, by the 15th of the month he had made up his mind not to pursue Lafayette farther, and, turning, he retraced his way, his fortunes in Virginia ebbing from that hour.

On the 17th of June, Von Steuben joined his forces with Lafayette's and Wayne's, so that the American army in Virginia now became of respectable size in a country where the army's numbers were at no time overwhelming. How light must have been the heart of the young man who was no Fabius by nature, when his army now became the pursuing army, surely though warily trailing Cornwallis as Cornwallis had so short a time since trailed him.



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And now for the record of July. There was steady marching in this month, with many changes of camps, but the marching was all in one direction, toward the coast whither Cornwallis seemed to be making his way. The Americans were not strong enough to attack him, but too strong to be wantonly attacked. There was much heat for both armies and much fatigue. On the 4th of July there was some diversion. The troops paused for some maneuvers and for open rejoicing in the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence that was as yet so green in every one's memory.

On the 6th there was an unexpected battle at Green Spring on the highway between Williamsburg and Jamestown, in which the Americans came out better than they deserved, for they had attacked on the assumption that they faced but a rear guard of the British army, only to find that the full force of Cornwallis's troops awaited them. It had been a ruse of Cornwallis



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that they should so understand his movement, but Wayne's valor, Lafayette's discovery of the mistake, and the falling of night saved them. The battle once over, they could look at each other with new courage, for they had met the seasoned troops after all, and had been far from overwhelmed.

Later Tarleton, the dashing British cavalry officer, made a raid that cost more than it was worth. Then there was more marching and again more pursuing. Then the news came that the British were embarking from Portsmouth. When they were to sail and to what port, the Americans could only guess. July ended, therefore, in conjecture. On its last day we have a picture of the tired men throwing themselves on the ground at night to sleep after a long day's march.

There was a great and a wonderful hope for August, a hope that was realized. A French fleet of thirty-eight ships of the line, under De



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Grasse came to the rescue of the "rebels." America had long hoped for such succor, but it had been generally supposed that the fleet would go to the relief of New York. It had been decided, however, that Virginia was the State that most needed aid, and that the Chesapeake would be De Grasse's destination.

A young man who originally had been none too happy to be sent to Virginia, when he believed that the great decisive movements of the war would take place in the North, became suddenly in the highest spirits. His facile pen ran over with joy in his letters to his chief. On the 21st of August, Lafayette was sure enough of De Grasse's aid to be able to write to Washington:

"I heartily thank you for having ordered me to remain in Virginia, and to your goodness to me I am owing the most beautiful prospect that I may ever behold."

And now the beautiful prospect grows ever



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clearer. Each day of late August and early September is crowded with momentous happenings. There is something in the closing chapters of revolutionary struggle, staged in Virginia, that have, as we have said before, a resemblance to the last act of a great opera. Lafayette must have felt the dramatic quality of the events, for he wrote, in his vivacious French, to France's Prime Minister when the struggle was ended: "The play is over, M. le Comte, the fifth act has just come to an end. I was somewhat disturbed during the former acts, but my heart rejoices exceedingly at the last."

And now let us settle ourselves comfortably in our seats and watch the fifth act unravel until the solemn fall of the curtain.

The scenes of this act are laid in Williamsburg where the Americans are encamped, and in Yorktown, that port high on the bluffs of the peninsula on the York River where Cornwallis is entrenched. Both Americans and Brit-



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ish are discovered in a state of expectancy when our curtain rises. Cornwallis scans the sea in anxious scrutiny, looking in vain for rescue from His Majesty's fleet. Lafayette waits, too, with glad and certain expectancy for the coming of the great commander, no other than General Washington, who has made a sudden decision to mass his strength at this point. In company with General Rochambeau and the French troops, Washington marches rapidly across the States and sails across the bay. The allied strength of Washington and Rochambeau is six thousand men. All the world by this time knows they are on the march. Philadelphia has cheered them wildly as they passed. All the world knows their destination is Yorktown, to catch "Cornwallis in his mousetrap."

We would not willingly miss the scene in this act of September 14, when Washington enters Williamsburg. Virginia must count that day as one of her most glorious among rich



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memories. The Marquis de Lafayette, worn out from his efforts to be both general and commissary and provide accommodations for the three thousand troops De Grasse has disembarked under Saint-Simon, is ill with an ague. At three o'clock of that eventful afternoon the express messengers arrive to announce that the long journey is over and that Washington and Rochambeau may be expected any moment. At four the royal salute roars its welcome. And soon after the visits of ceremony between the armies begin.

The Marquis's joy must have dispelled his ague, for we hear of his riding, with his suite in attendance, to greet the two great generals. Later there is a great dinner, and Lafayette is there with his bright face showing among the older faces of Washington, Rochambeau, Saint-Simon, Von Steuben, and many lesser men. What an hour to live through! He is surrounded on one side by the man he has



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chosen to be his life's ideal, with many well-proved American friends; on the other by his own countrymen who have followed his example, though tardily, and have come to enlist their arms against tyranny. Now and then we can be sure Washington's eye rested kindly upon the Marquis in pride and approbation, for it is the "boy" he has trained in his own ways who has held Cornwallis in Virginia until the cords could be tightened. And all the time the allies eat and drink and appeal to him to play the interpreter, the band is playing French opera in a way to make the strictest Puritan's blood dance in his veins. Yes, it is a great evening, ending all too soon at ten o'clock.

The next day Lafayette bears a letter from His Excellency to De Grasse, who is lying off Cape Henry, and thereupon plans for action rapidly mature.

The allied armies next encamp two miles



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from Yorktown, creeping warily on their prey. The enemy have already, it is discovered, withdrawn nearer the town.

In October the thunder of the guns begins. Yorktown is doomed. Cornwallis may look to the east, the west, and the north and the south, but no hope comes of deliverance. De Grasse guards the sea, the allied troops the land. Daily his fate becomes more certain. On the 17th of October the white flag flies from Yorktown and Lafayette says gallantly of the British defeat:

"My respect for the talents of Lord Cornwallis gives his capture an additional value to my mind. After this attempt what English general will attempt the conquest of America?"

On the 19th the terms of surrender are all arranged — terms made purposely humiliating to the foe in remembrance of British severity to General Lincoln at Charleston. Here they come, trooping from their entrenchments, col-



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ors furled, the band playing an old English tune well called "The World Turned Upside Down." The American soldiers who have been playing at sheep and wolf so long with the great lord of England, peer eagerly to see Cornwallis advance. But Cornwallis pleads illness and does not come. Another English general extends the sword of surrender. General Lincoln takes it, Washington decreeing that thus it shall be, to compensate in some part for that general's past suffering and humiliation through being obliged to surrender his own sword at Charleston.

And now the curtain descends. If we put our ears to the ground we can hear the rolling applause from the weary thirteen States, for with Cornwallis beaten American victory is practically assured.

The American officers are in high spirits, the French content. One of the French, American by adoption, is smiling, thanking each officer



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in his command, with the unfailing courtesy he has ever displayed. He has lived through great days, crowded a lifetime of experience into the past five years. Soon he will sail back to waiting France, to his "dear heart" and his children to whom he is only a name. America will wave farewell, vowing an eternal remembrance of the youth who defied king and family to come to her aid.

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# PART II

## *The Nation's Guest*

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**LAFAYETTE**

**From an engraving after the painting by Ary Scheffer**

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## CHAPTER I

*New York Greets Lafayette*

WHEN Lafayette sailed away to France at the close of the Virginia campaign, Washington expressed the hope, in a letter of farewell, that his "dear Marquis" would have a safe return in the spring. But hostilities in America being practically at an end after the surrender of Yorktown, the spring came and went without bringing Lafayette again. When peace was signed with England in 1783, it became certain that he would never return as an active commanding officer of the Continental army; that thenceforth his adopted country could claim him only as an honored guest.

He came in that rôle to this country a year after the peace, in 1784, being fêted wherever he went for five brief months. He visited Washington at Mount Vernon and they parted forever at Annapolis. Lafayette was twenty-



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seven years old when America, on this occasion, bade him farewell. Since that parting the thirteen States had grown to twenty-four. The great Washington had passed away; the children, the grandchildren of the soldiers of the Revolution were the men and women of the new day. But America had not forgotten her idol. In spite of the reputation of republics for being ungrateful, the whole land remembered Lafayette. Those who had known him in his youth longed to see him once again; those to whom he was only a name were eager to look upon his face. In 1824 Congress sent him a formal invitation to visit these shores and the President, James Monroe, seconded this in a friendly and informal letter.

Lafayette accepted the invitation, declining only the offer of Congress to send a special frigate to fetch him. He came, therefore, as any other traveler might come, on an American merchant ship, and was accompanied by



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no more imposing suite than that made by his son George Washington Lafayette, his secretary Lavasseur, and his valet Bastien.

Let us gaze upon his face as he walks the deck of the Cadmus on the July and August days he spent on the great sea, and ask ourselves if we should know him for the impetuous boy that ran away from France on the ship he purchased and fitted out forty-seven years ago? At first there seems no trace of that fiery youth, but as we look closely the resemblance to the young Marquis comes to us now and then, if only in the gracious manner in which General Lafayette addresses the humblest man on the ship. But sixty-seven is not nineteen, that we must admit. There is a hint now of *embonpoint*, and we more than suspect the necessity for a wig. The general's gait is much constrained, due, we learn, to the after effects of a broken thigh. Americans will love him none the less for the limp. Had he not been lame after Bran-



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dywine? Some old soldiers can remember yet how he galloped back to camp from the hospital at Bethlehem before he was able to draw on his boot. He is not so impetuous now. The fires of youth die down at last. But there is something in his face more precious than the old look of fire and dash; it is an expression of habitual benevolence.

On his early trip across the sea he had poured out his sentiments in ardent letters to his young wife even when the darkness that safety prescribed at night was so thick that he could not see the letters he formed. The years have robbed him of that beloved companion. There is no one now in France to agonize for his safety, to count the hours until his letters come, welcome as the news of his welfare will be to his two beloved daughters, Anastasia and Virginia. But his son is with him, the boy who was born during Lafayette's furlough in France and named for Washington. How proud Adrienne



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had been to give him an heir! The greater part of the inheritance that would have come to this heir of the houses of Noailles and Lafayette had been confiscated during the French Revolution. George Lafayette could never play the rôle of princely benefactor as his father had done. The circumstances of the family were modest compared to the days when Louis XVI was king. But enough remained for comfort. The pleasant country estate of La Grange had been saved to them.

And all over America the people were waiting for Lafayette. Every schoolboy knew his story in a way that was to astonish the secretary, Auguste Lavasseur. They knew of his generosity and his bravery in the American Revolution; they knew of the part he had tried to play so bravely in the Revolution in France. In his own land he had endeavored to play the consistent part of trying to win for France constitutional liberty and had been, for his pains,



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distrusted by radicals and royalists alike. He had been obliged to flee the country at last only to fall into the hands of France's enemy Austria. For five terrible years he had languished in prison, sometimes in Austria, sometimes in Germany, meeting with all the petty cruelties those countries knew so well how to inflict. South Carolina knew that story well, for one of her citizens, Francis Kinlock Huger, of Georgetown, had made a desperate and romantic attempt to free Lafayette. He did not succeed and endured imprisonment for his pains. Lafayette's release had come later through the power of Bonaparte. Perhaps he had expected from Lafayette a grateful allegiance and a support of his imperialistic ambition; that the old lover of liberty never gave him. The best he could do was to retire quietly to the country in sad silence, longing to see his own land win the liberty that had been won by his adopted land across the sea.



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And now every day brings him nearer that adopted land. With his own eyes he is to see what the years have brought to her; is to learn for himself whether his youth was well spent or not in her service. What a pleasure to visit the old scenes with his son, though America is not a strange land to George, he having been sent, during France's Revolution, to Washington by his distracted mother, that divine mother who had feared nothing for herself and who had voluntarily shared twenty-two months of Lafayette's imprisonment.

And now she is gone, and Washington is gone. The two generals who so kindly greeted Lafayette, the youth, in Charleston in those first pleasant days in that city, Howe and Moultrie, will not be there to greet him now. Lincoln, who took Cornwallis's sword at Yorktown, has long since gone to rest; Greene, that Quaker-soldier who drove Cornwallis out of South Carolina straight into Lafayette's clutches, is on a



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farther shore than ever the Cadmus will reach; and Wayne — "Mad Anthony Wayne," as the soldiers loved to call him — is through with life too; even old Von Steuben has gone his way; and "young Alexander Hamilton," Lafayette's nearest contemporary, whom he used to feel at liberty to address as "dear fellow," has come to his untimely end in a useless duel. No, America will not be the same. Perhaps there will be few to remember "the Marquis."

And now, suddenly, the party on board the merchant ship Cadmus see land. It is the 14th of August. Morning will bring the pilot to take them in to New York. How will the New York of the new century greet the old Lafayette?

Morning dawns. The pilot comes on board. Soon they can all see the green foliage of Staten Island and the white paint of the summer residences gleaming through the green. The people run to the shore in great excitement as the ship is sighted. The sea about them is covered



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with small craft, and Lafayette's secretary is surprised at the neatness of American sailors. Then the thunder of cannon is heard from Fort Lafayette, announcing to the city that the guest of the nation is at her doors. How George Lafayette's heart must well within him to hear that welcoming roar in honor of the noble old man by his side! He may have heard the story a thousand times of America's love for his father and yet he cannot have realized it as he must realize it now.

And now the New York of 1824 is before us, the greatest and richest city in America; consisting, if we count the suburb of Brooklyn, of 140,000 souls! A good and pious city is that old New York, for a committee at once boards the Cadmus explaining, through the son of the Vice-President of the United States, that New York asks its distinguished guest to delay his entrance into the city until the following day, for this being Sunday, the city does not



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wish to break the Sabbath with the celebration it has in store for him.

How gracefully Lafayette consents — how graciously he accepts the hospitality offered him by the Vice-President in one of the pleasantest houses that line the shore! What a simple old New York it is! The Vice-President, Tompkins, receives them cordially, in his shirt-sleeves, with an army cap covering his head!

The next morning, August 16, the grand celebration begins. New York thinks six o'clock none too early to escort the visitors with great ceremony to the city. Lafayette, with his wonderful adaptability and his wide experience, doubtless finds nothing strange in the simple life, the early hours of the Republic. Lavasseur, the secretary, who chronicles it all, finds everything to his taste and has nothing but frank enjoyment for the great tour. One is not so sure that Bastien, the valet, takes everything quite so casually.



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The Cadmus, Lavasseur tells us, appeared rather to be led in triumph than to be towed by the two steamboats that accompanied her. There was much thundering of cannon, much cheering all the way, and everywhere flags and badges bearing the words "Welcome Lafayette" were displayed; some of them, long-preserved, coming to light in old attics after the world of that day was gone.

The General upon landing was seated in a carriage drawn by four white horses and driven to the City Hall. Lavasseur, with all his civil praise for everything American, could not help recording, æsthetic Frenchman that he was, that the City Hall was the only public building in New York "worthy of the attention of an artist." Perhaps he did not realize how few artists there were in the new land to wince at the less fortunate architectural ventures.

Once at the City Hall, there were addresses



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by officials of the city and a great public reception; then Lafayette and his party were driven to the City Hotel, which was magnificently fitted up for their reception and where a public banquet closed the day. The City Hotel, we may say in passing, occupied an entire block. The house offered room and board for ten dollars a week, sounding a bell through the halls to announce the meals. Lavasseur testified to the "precipitation and the silence" in which the Americans dispatched their food. At the simple ways of the hotel, Bastien perhaps again raised his shoulders, but Lafayette doubtless slept quietly that first night on shore, pleased with all he had seen, and knowing that whatever life had taken from him, he still possessed the love of America.

The record of each tribute New York paid to Lafayette ("General" Lafayette, the new generation had to learn to call him, for he had dropped the title of Marquis in the early days



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of France's Revolution) is an endless one. Every society wished to honor him, every citizen aspired to clasp his hand. The city could not rest until it had shown him every benevolent institution, every mark of the progress she had made during his forty years' absence. It is easier to understand how he bore the hardships of the Virginia campaign than it is to understand how he endured the official speeches, the public dinners, and the continuous handshaking of hearty old New York. But the General was of a hardy constitution; he was always smiling, always delighted with all the eager public did for him, never weary, even when younger members of the party drooped with fatigue. His early training at the court of kings served him well. He could conduct himself with dignity and grace even when enthusiasm dropped sudden and unexpected wreaths of laurel upon his head.

Lafayette was in New York during his grand



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tour of the United States on four separate occasions. His first four days in America were spent, as we have seen, in receiving her welcome; after a journey to Boston and the neighboring country he again returned to New York, spending nine days there before embarking on the Hudson; after his return from a short voyage up the beautiful river to Albany, he paused for a brief rest in New York before continuing his great journey through the States, and when that journey was practically at an end, he bade New York a final farewell, in 1825, joining her in the celebration of the forty-seventh anniversary of the Fourth of July.

It was after his return from Boston that New York outdid herself, so that the other States and cities, do what they would when their turn came to entertain the beloved old man, could never quite come up to New York in magnificence, by which we see that the city of 1824 was even then her gorgeous, spectacular self.



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The night of the great celebration was that of September 13, when a ball was given in Lafayette's honor at Castle Garden, an old fort which was now devoted to public pleasure. A bridge three hundred feet long joined the fort to the Battery, and this bridge was lavishly covered with an elegant carpet. In the middle of the bridge a great tower arose, lighted with many colored lights, surmounted with the name of Lafayette. The great amphitheater contained almost six thousand persons some of whom had arrived as early as six in the evening. A statue of Washington surmounted an arch at the principal entrance, and, New York being New York, it was of course a colossal statue. A bust of Hamilton ornamented a rich marquee under which the old soldier, who had so often known the hard ground of Virginia, was to be seated like a king. The columns of the hall bore the names of the early States. It was before the days of illuminating gas, so that torches—a



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thousand of them — sent up their wild, splendid flare, showing the men with their badges of Lafayette, and the women with their little gloves stamped with his image, with feathers in their hair and garlands of flowers on their gowns. When the General appeared, the band struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and the ladies' little hands, in the wonderful little gloves stamped with Lafayette's picture, patted their applause. Then the curtains that enclosed the hall were raised, so that the vast crowds collected about the Battery could look in upon the scene. Lafayette must have been glad that they shared the joy of the occasion and have rejoiced in the democratic spirit of the times that did not bar the people out.

There was dancing, of course; but let the General approach a group of dancers and they broke off instantly to circle about him. They could dance any day in New York; they might never see the hero again. And then came the



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climax of the evening. A curtain suddenly fell, disclosing a great transparency of Lafayette's home "La Grange." It was like New York to think of this touch; perhaps it was like her, too, to label it with no more subtle sentiment than the words "Here Is His Home."

The ball lasted until two o'clock. The "Evening Post" could truly say of it, "We hazard nothing in saying it was the most magnificent fête given under cover in the world." Nothing less would have satisfied New York!

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## CHAPTER II

*Philadelphia Greets Lafayette*

PHILADELPHIA and New York were rival cities in the days of Lafayette's visit, so that it was natural that the Pennsylvanians should make every effort to outdo the welcome of Manhattan. Whether they attained that ambition or not, it is certain that Lafayette found nothing wanting in the greeting of the city founded by William Penn, and that he was glad to spend a week in the old capital to which he was bound fast by so many associations.

A week was a generous share of his time and society on this great tour of the twenty-four States; for the slow journeys on the rivers or in his barouche, even when that vehicle was drawn by four horses, consumed all too many hours. He had spent six days going from New York to Philadelphia, pausing, as he was glad



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to do, at many a town and city in New Jersey to receive official and popular welcome. One would have fancied that he could have no enthusiasm left for triumphal arches, nor gracious words of response for the speeches of proud mayors. But he was more than equal to each demand upon him, and left in each hamlet and town an indelible memory of his amiable presence.

The towns and the cities were not only prodigal with their arches and their "collations" and their addresses; they poured down upon him their gifts. We are lost in wonder as to what disposition the guest of the nation made of all these and how and when they were transferred to France.

But now Philadelphia is pouring out to meet the hero, and we must, in fancy, join the great throng. There are so many carriages that they retard the advance of the very man they are so eager to usher into the city. In addition



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to the carriage folks, some six thousand militiamen line the way, awaiting Lafayette's review.

As he enters Philadelphia at last, the review at an end, vast crowds border the way. They occupy the seats that have been erected in vacant lots. They lean from the roofs. They look from windows. Hospitable families have even removed the fan-lights over the doors so that as many eyes as possible may see America's friend.

What a fine barouche the city has given him! Those who fail to catch a glimpse of Lafayette's face see at least some part of the barouche, lined with cream-colored cloth, trimmed with light blue, the old Continental colors of the country. Six cream-colored horses, their harness glittering with silver, draw this equipage. The postillions are brave in blue and cream, with white-topped boots. The driver and the outriders wear the same livery, with "yellow housings" on their horses.



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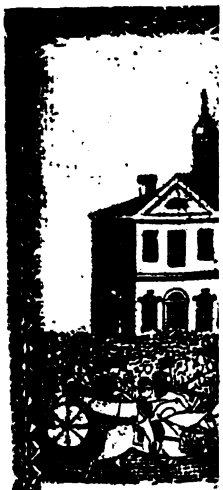

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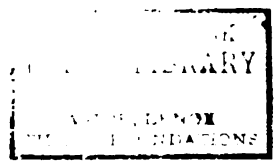
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"Every soldier's heart was in his mouth," the editor of the "American Daily Advertiser" writes, adding frankly, "As for ourselves, our bosom ached with the undefined emotions that swelled within it." There are other carriages besides the wonderful barouche, that carry the representatives of the city, and there are vans in the great procession that convey the old soldiers of the Revolution. And this vast parade boasts one feature that distinguishes the entire celebration from anything that splendid New York had thought to do: there is a great gathering of the trades. Printers, cordwainers, weavers, rope-makers, coopers, and butchers march and are reviewed by Lafayette. Upon a float the printers are seen at work printing an ode in honor of the city's guest, which they toss to the crowds. There are banners displaying the pictures of Washington and Lafayette inscribed with the words, "To their wisdom and courage we owe the free exercise of our industry." And



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these same men, when the procession is over, ending as it does at Independence Hall, are not afraid to extend their work-hardened hands for Lafayette's clasp, though some of them have not taken time to roll down their sleeves. Whether it was at this reception or at the levee, given a few days later, that an old lady was heard to say, as she pushed through the crowd, "Let me see that dear young Marquis once again," I am not sure, but there was ample opportunity for all the admirers of the beloved guest to take his hand in the old capital.

In the week that followed, Philadelphia gave, of course, a ball and the Masons gave a dinner. Apparently there was some jealousy of New York, for the editor who described the ball had his fling at New York's pretensions. "We are not prepared," he began sarcastically, "to say that the exhibition on Monday night surpassed anything that was ever exhibited before. We are rather inclined to think that the



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invention of printing was a much greater event; the march of the crusaders to the deliverance of devoted Palestine probably outshone this sight in glory and in splendor. . . . Sir Walter Scott would attack us in 'Blackwood' at once if we were so much as to hint that it could compare with Ashby de la Zouch, and as for mentioning it without first yielding the palm to Castle Garden fête, it is more than we dare do."

The Masons' dinner, however, yielded the palm to no other city. "A stratagem was made use of with the Gas Lights, which perfectly astonished every beholder. Before the General entered, the Gas Lamps were so arranged as to shed a pale and mild luster like that of soft moonlight. When he entered, the vessels being instantly filled, a splendid blaze of light burst forth over the room, discovering all the hidden beauties of the decorations and producing upon every beholder the effect of a contiguous flash



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of lightning. The spirits of the company rose with the enhanced brilliancy."

During these days in early October many delegations found time to present their formal greetings to the city's guest, yet Philadelphia, being even then more leisurely in her habits than New York, left Lafayette time for calls on old friends, or the "ladies" of old friends; allowed him to dine once in private, and to go quietly to Christ Church on Sunday to hear a sermon by his old friend, Bishop White, who had been Chaplain to Congress during the Revolution.

On the last morning of Lafayette's visit to Philadelphia, the school-children were assembled to greet him in the yard of the old State House. Throughout this great tour we are constantly hearing of him as being deeply affected by the welcome of the new generation; often we hear of him gathering a child in his arms and of blessing groups of them wherever he



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RECEPTION TO LAFAYETTE AT THE CHEW HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA

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went. There were two thousand of them now in the yard where John Adams used to walk in the troubled days of the Revolution and where Lafayette himself must have lingered when he waited for Congressional recognition. The sting of that first cold reception had been long ago forgotten by America's great friend; his heart had no room for the memory of slights or coldness, but had a shade of resentment remained the sweetness of the children's greetings must have banished the last trace of it forever.

On that very October morning he left the city, continuing a journey that was to take him over many miles and through many States before he returned to Philadelphia for a final farewell in the summer of the following year. It was scorching weather on this second visit; the thermometer did not drop below ninety-eight degrees during the week of his stay; but Lafayette made no complaint; he had known other suns as hot; in such weather he had fought at



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Monmouth; under such skies he had led his troops to and fro across Virginia, dodging and following Cornwallis in that last campaign.

In Philadelphia, Lavasseur tells us, Lafayette felt as "it were in his own family," and a week there "entirely composed the fatigue of the General"—a compliment not paid New York. In spite of the heat they found time for much diversion; a day at the famous old fishing club of Schuylkill where Lafayette turned the fish on the coals and ate heartily of the catch with the fishermen of that jovial club.

At this time he found opportunity to visit some of the scenes of old battles, and we find him at Germantown, at Brandywine, and on Chestnut Hill, whence he could see Barren Hill, in the distance. How the lost days of his splendid youth must have come back to him here, blotting out the bitter years when he had been imprisoned in Austria and Germany, erasing, too, the memory of all he had wished to do



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for France and had been obliged to leave undone!

The July heat is not too great to keep us from gathering around him at Brandywine with those remaining veterans of the Revolution who greeted him there at this time, many of them being accompanied by their sons. With his retinue, Lafayette reached the Brandywine about noon, the plan being for him to travel up the stream to a certain spot where the army had been said to have passed. But the General stopped short upon arriving there. "It cannot be here," he said, looking about the surrounding country, "that we passed in 1777; it must be a little higher up the stream." And this proof of Lafayette's accurate memory of those old days delighted the soldiers. They must have found, too, a proof of how little their hero had changed when he found time to visit an old soldier with the picturesque name of Gideon Gilpin, under whose roof he had passed the night before the



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battle of Brandywine. Poor old Gilpin was too feeble to join his aged companions who had gone forth to greet Lafayette, and his joy was so great when "the Marquis" entered his bedroom and came to his side that the tears flowed down his cheeks unchecked.

Soon after Lafayette appeared on the battleground of Chad's Ford on the Brandywine, and the cheers of the old veterans from Virginia and Pennsylvania rose and fell in "Long live Lafayette!" He spoke to all those who clustered about him there of Washington, of the bravery of the soldiers on that day they all commemorated. But for the time being the old soldiers chose to forget even Washington himself and to remember only that it was here that an impetuous young man, aged nineteen, had shed his blood for a land not his own.

In Philadelphia and around Philadelphia, Lafayette's old self must have peeped at him and at those who had known his youth at every



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turn. Perhaps some of the veterans had seen him one night at Chester in the year 1780 when he dined at the inn of Mrs. Whitby with a party of his countrymen, and where they were all so gay and so happy at being together that they danced and sang the whole evening long without ever leaving off. One of the party left the picture for us in his charming book of travels, and had his amusement in the fact that the sober Americans who looked upon their frolic with amazement could not believe that men could be so gay without being drunk! What days those had been! Days full to the brim with youth's hope and fire and bounding health!

And these days were good days, too! America was a great and growing country. Every sacrifice in her cause had been well made. And Lafayette paused constantly on his way out of Philadelphia at the towns and villages roundabout, even in the great heat of that



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summer, to receive their gifts and their addresses of welcome with a touching gratitude for all that the people did for him, recapturing, doubtless, as he paused at Wilmington, Chad's Ford, Chester, and Lancaster, some of the joy in life of those early days when he had been able to ride and fight, dance and sing, for hours at a time without the slightest sense of fatigue. This it was that Philadelphia and its environs gave Lafayette, the sage on his great tour, sending him on his way "composed and rested."

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## CHAPTER III

*The Stories the Rivers Tell*

THE friends of Lafayette who helped to plan his tour through the twenty-four States were careful to make the greatest possible use of the waterways of the country as a means of transportation, not only because travel by steamboat was more comfortable than by barouche, but also because it was more rapid. His route took him, therefore, over many of the great rivers of America, so that the Hudson, the Potomac, the James, the Mississippi, the Cumberland, and the Ohio all have their memories of Lafayette.

It was after the great ball at Castle Garden in New York City that Lafayette went up the Hudson. His party boarded the James Kent at two in the morning, leaving the dancers at the great ball behind them, exchanging, as the secretary expresses it, "the joyous sound of



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music for the monotonous noise of the steam machinery struggling against the rapid waters of the Hudson." Not all the dancers were willing to be left behind apparently, for to the surprise of the Frenchmen, a great many ladies boarded the James Kent in their determination to see more of the hero. Their unexpected presence made it necessary for the men, in the good-natured American fashion, to forego occupation of the steamboat's eighty beds and meekly to sleep as best they could upon deck! To the sound of cannon the James Kent then left New York, struggling under its unexpected load.

The beautiful river that was all so new to Lavasseur had once been more than familiar to Lafayette. The young Marquis had lain very ill at Fishkill, that town on the Hudson's banks where the military stores and the hospitals had stood in the days of the Revolution. Kind Dr. Cochran had then brought back his patient



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from the very grave, and Washington had been all tender solicitude. And now Cochran was no more, and Washington was no more. The young Marquis himself had vanished to be replaced by an elderly man with a son older by twenty years than the lost Marquis of that distant day. There were other memories of the river, too, that obtruded themselves, some of them painful ones.

Suddenly the Hudson as if by caprice caught the James Kent on an oyster bank, holding the steamer fast before — of all places — the village of Tarrytown. The dawn made that fact plain, as the pleasure party, weary from the sleep on deck and the short night's rest broken so often by cannon, roused themselves for the long day. Forty-four years ago, in another September, a young man in a maroon coat, with his heart in his throat and papers of the greatest importance in his boots, had been stopped at Tarrytown, not by an oyster bank, but by three honest



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militiamen, and as if to recall those boys who could not be seduced nor bribed to let André go, the river held the James Kent fast even though West Point awaited Lafayette.

The old soldiers who were gathered around the General spoke of Paulding and his companions as the boat paused at Tarrytown, and when it passed the historic Robinson house on the eastern bank of the Hudson they spoke of Arnold. He had died in London twenty years back, but the men who had carried flintlocks in the Revolution could not forgive him. "Traitor!" they said as the Robinson house swung into view.

Then the steamboat ploughing on what seemed to them all its rapid way, for it was making ten miles an hour against the current, sighted West Point and André and Arnold were forgotten while the cannons roared a welcome. Slowly the entire party were landed on the shore and Lafayette was lifted into the inevita-



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ble barouche that awaited him. His youth looked out at him once more through the pleasant eyes of the lady who was given the honor of being his companion, for he recognized her as the widow of his "dear Hamilton," the Betty Schuyler whom Hamilton had wooed and wedded during the Revolution. There must have been scant time for reminiscence even if the cannon's thunder had permitted it, for Lafayette and his party were on their way to Newburgh by six of that same evening. If the hale old General was not exhausted by all the many celebrations in his honor, the ladies who had taken such nonchalant possession of the steamboat's beds apparently were not so fortunate, for the greater number of them returned to New York from West Point, leaving the James Kent vastly more comfortable for their going.

Of the memories that the Hudson cherishes of the five days Lafayette spent on her waters,



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there is none more splendid than a fête given to him on the following day by one of those great families of wealth and position whose names make the story of the Hudson read like old romance. The Livingstons were the family who honored themselves in honoring Lafayette, and their estate was so much part of the Hudson and its glory that he could scarcely have been said to have seen the river had he not paused at Clermont.

When Lafayette had been last in America, Robert Livingston, afterwards Chancellor of New York, had been the head of the house. Lafayette must have known him as a stanch patriot of the Revolution and later as America's Minister to France. The Chancellor had gone his way before this visit, leaving two daughters, both of whom had married other Livingstons, so perpetuating the great name. It was still a Robert Livingston who owned Clermont and who now advanced through his beautiful



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grounds down the river's sloping bank to greet his guest.

The lawn of Clermont was filled with eager spectators, with soldiers, with Free Masons, as if it had been the streets of a city rather than a country estate. There was a *feu de joie* for the guests and the usual speeches. Then Edward Livingston, the other son-in-law of the former Chancellor, bore Lafayette away to another Livingston estate for a cold collation. They were joined by a steamboat full of other guests, among them quite properly a Van Rensselaer.

Then it was Robert Livingston's turn to claim Lafayette again; so back they all went to Clermont where there was a great dinner for the guest of honor, with plates in the green-house and on the steamboat for all the soldiers and most of the spectators on this famous day. There was a ball, too, and there were fireworks from New York. On the following morning



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his host escorted Lafayette down to the waiting steamboat, and as the James Kent chugged on its way to Albany, the very engine seemed to pant out the name Livingston; for had it not been for Livingston faith and Livingston money the invention of Fulton would not so soon have been given to the world. But that is another story the Hudson has to tell.

That night, long after the hour set for arrival, the party came to Albany, and now by the light of torches we see more arches and crowds that cheer Lafayette until he is safe within the Capitol. Long years ago he had languished in Albany during that first winter in America when the friends of Gates conspired against Washington. The dream of an attack on Canada had sent Lafayette here, but only humiliation and disappointment had awaited him. Those days, however, so bitter to his youth are long over. The war is almost forgotten. New York is a great State and Albany is its capital. The



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legislators are applauding wildly as Lafayette enters the Assembly Room.

And now he addresses them in English with the accent that marks him still for so much the Frenchman, and the room is hushed as he recalls the old days when Albany had been on the edge of the wilderness, and he gratifies his hearers with his assurance that "at present I find Albany a rich and powerful city."

A little later they lead him to a balcony so that all the waiting world may see his face if only by the flare of torches and then, before the crowd, an eagle is lowered with a laurel wreath in its beak which is placed upon Lafayette's long-suffering head. Not even that attention lessens his love for his adopted country, and as ever he manages the situation with grace and dignity. Then there is a ball which he leaves at midnight in order to seek a little rest.

It was in September following his arrival in



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America that General Lafayette made the voyage up the Hudson. A month later he was on the Potomac, having in the interim visited New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. On the 17th of October he left the Capital to attend a celebration of the victory of Yorktown with his old soldiers. The journey was better made by water than by land, so that his way lay partly on the Potomac. And so it is that this river has a picture of Lafayette for us peculiarly and beautifully its own.

The blue waters of that wide and lovely river ran by the home of Washington. Lafayette had not entered the door of that stately and well-ordered establishment since he had come back to help celebrate the peace in 1784. The remembrance of the spacious, pleasant Virginia home had been often with him. It was here that he had sent the key of the Bastile when revolution broke over France in the days before anarchy triumphed. It was here that he had often



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MOUNT VERNON

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been in fancy during those terrible years in prison, knowing as he did that his son had found shelter here, thanks to the wisdom of Madame Lafayette. To Lafayette as well as to George, then, the great white house on the Potomac was a dear and second home, eloquent at every step of a great presence never more to be found within its doors.

With their hearts filled with emotion the father and the son, and the sympathetic Lavasseur as well, looked out upon Mount Vernon's shores. Being Frenchmen it did not occur to any of them to suppress this emotion nor disguise its expression. Quite simply when the guns of Fort Washington announced their approach, they all fell upon their knees.

Three nephews of Washington waited to greet them on the shore. A carriage was there to bear Lafayette up the steep incline, he who had bounded so lightly up those banks when last he was there; but the others followed



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on foot, silently and gravely. The nephews took Lafayette and George and Lavasseur to the tomb while the other members of the party withdrew considerately to the house. "The tomb of the citizen soldier was scarcely perceived," Lavasseur wrote, "amid the somber cypresses by which it is surrounded." The door of the vault was opened and Lafayette took his son by one hand and Lavasseur by the other and entered. He who was so ready with appropriate words on all occasions had no words now; by a sign only he indicated to his companions where Washington lay; then he dropped on his knees and kissed the spot. In his youth he had shared Washington's coat for a pillow after the battle of Monmouth; he had suffered with Washington at Valley Forge; they had received together the news of Arnold's treason; the proud day at Yorktown had been their mutual triumph; and now the chief had gone where the man who loved him could



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no longer follow. The tears rained down Lafayette's face as he turned to clasp in his arms that son who bore Washington's name.

As they came forth again to the glory of October in the Virginia woods, the nephew of Washington gave Lafayette a ring, containing, in the approved fashion of the day, a lock of Washington's hair. And in the approved fashion of that same day the nephew made a formal and flowery speech of presentation, addressing Lafayette as "venerable man" and reminding him of his "setting sun" and other facts that Lafayette, in his hale sixty-eighth year, might have well have been pardoned for resenting. He did not resent them. He took the speech and the ring both in the spirit in which they were meant to be taken and replied with great simplicity: "I can only thank you, my dear Custis, for your precious gift. I pay a silent homage to the tomb of the greatest and best of men, my paternal friend."



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They then went silently through the great house, coming upon the key of the Bastile exactly in the place where George Lafayette remembered seeing Washington carefully place it.

After a brief rest the party made its way back to the boat, each member bearing a branch of cypress, and then, gathering around Lafayette, they listened to him talk of Washington until the shadows fell. And this is the memory of the Potomac!

It was many months after the visit to Mount Vernon that Lafayette ascended the waters of the Ohio. He had passed the winter in Washington, waiting there for the spring to come before continuing his great journey through the twenty-four States of the Union. On his journey through the South and through the great West we find him enjoying many miles of river travel. The States and the towns generously



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THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON

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provided the steamboats for his conveyance, with every possible attention to his comfort, Louisiana sending him by way of the Mississippi to St. Louis, St. Louis sending him to several points in Illinois, Tennessee meeting him at the mouth of the Ohio to convey him up that great and beautiful river. Let us look in upon the steamboat Mechanic as it makes its way towards Louisville in that May of 1825. It is crowded to capacity, for the beloved Lafayette is on board and many persons are eager to share the pleasures of the trip with him. First of all there is his own immediate party, his only son, George Lafayette, a retiring, modest gentleman of middle years; Lavasseur the secretary, and Bastien, that faithful French servant, without whom Lafayette would find it hard to make a journey. Among the passengers we note Governor Carroll of Tennessee, a Mr. Thibeaudot of Louisiana, and a Mr. Neilson, the latter a business man inter-



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ested in steamships. Likely as not we shall find Mr. Neilson talking to some one of the party of his fine ship the Paragon, which ought to be on its way even now to New Orleans with its hold full of a valuable cargo of tobacco. As Lafayette is not in sight, we shall have to make our way to the vessel's stern to find him. Descending some dozen steps we find the ladies' cabin where the General is quartered with his son, his secretary, and another gentleman. The good General is hard at work with Lavasseur answering the many letters that demand his attention. These must be answered in any leisure moment that presents itself, so they two work together all day long. By ten o'clock at night the General is weary. A few moments later he is fast asleep. By eleven the whole vessel is quiet, Lavasseur being among the few who have not gone to bed. He wanders about the ship talking to the Captain, the Pilot — whoever will lend him entertainment.



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How proud the Captain is of conveying Lafayette up the Ohio. His boat plunges through the night at a high rate of speed. Lafayette has met with many small delays on his great journey; the Captain is determined to reach Louisville on schedule time.

Midnight comes. Suddenly throughout the vessel a great shock is felt. The boat stops short. The usual confusion at once ensues. Half-dressed people tumble out of berths. Sailors run to and fro and refuse to answer questions. The all-knowing assure the timid that nothing is wrong. The timid refuse to be convinced. Some one with an active imagination suggests a sandbar. A sense of relief is felt. "A sandbar!" is repeated with growing assurance. Then a cry rings out that strikes terror to the hearts of those who know the river. "A snag! A snag!"

A snag it proves to be that has so rudely broken the voyage. Already the water is pour-



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ing into the ship's hold. Literally there are but a few moments in which to save life and property. The boat echoes with the Captain's distressed cry of "Lafayette! Lafayette! Where is Lafayette?"

Lavasseur rushes to the ladies' cabin where Bastien with trembling hands is dressing the General with all haste. There is no time for a toilet, especially for one of Bastien's perfect toilets. George Lafayette and Lavasseur seize General Lafayette and literally push him up the stairs to the deck. Suddenly the General stops short. He has forgotten something. He is determined to go back. It is the snuff-box ornamented with a portrait of Washington. He will not leave the ship without that box, endeared to him by associations. Lavasseur runs back, finds the snuff-box, and restores it to the owner. Now at last Lafayette is on deck. A boat is lowered. Every one even in that hour of terror falls back. There is no question save in a single mind, who



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shall be placed first in that boat. It is Lafayette himself who demurs, but his scruples are overborne somehow, some way. Lavasseur and the Captain get him into the lifeboat.

Now the Ohio receives him on her breast in the blackness of midnight in this frail craft. The Captain himself is at the helm and directs their course in the heavy darkness. The boat holds but a handful. Among the first passengers is a little child. She and Lafayette are landed in the black, wet forest along the Ohio. Then suddenly Lafayette discovers that his son George is not with him. He who had been controlled all his life in the presence of every imaginable danger, he who had faced cannon, swords, and angry mobs without a tremor, has no fortitude to face life without his son. His bitter cry echoes along the Ohio: "George! George!" he cries wildly. Lavasseur cannot comfort him. "George! George!" — the cry is continued even when the secretary is on his way back to



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the ship. Lavasseur was not successful on this trip, nor on the next, in finding George, though he did rescue poor Bastien whom he found clinging to the roof of the lopsided cabin. But George was found at last and returned to soothe his frantic father. Lafayette's son had lingered on the boat until he was assured that every soul was safe. A modest, retiring man was this son of the hero, but never wanting in the hour of need.

And now the great river sees a strange sight on her shore. By the light of a bonfire that a drizzling rain tries to quench, she sees the party from the steamboat reduced to the condition of gypsies. The Governor of Tennessee, without shoes or stockings, wades about the waters picking up what débris he can find. A mattress only partially soaked finds its way to the shore and on this they persuade the General to lie down. Old campaigner that he is, Lafayette falls asleep here under the dripping trees once he is certain of his son's safety.



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When morning dawns, like the shipwrecked folk in a tale, the party collects such articles of food as can be found on the half-submerged ship. They all make a breakfast under the trees of smoked venison, biscuits, and claret wine. A little later they persuade the General that he must seek greater safety and protection from the weather, and once again he embarks in the lifeboat in an attempt to cross the river. Mr. Thibeaudot and Bastien accompany him. Soon the waiting party on shore see two steamboats descending the river. They are the Highland Laddie and—yes, the Paragon, that ship of which Mr. Neilson is owner, risking loss of insurance by the change of route. The Highland Laddie has already made the same offer. The broad Ohio, therefore, has done no harm. The snag has only served to prove that even in a lifeboat the General is as popular as ever. The two ships contend for the honor of reversing their course if by so doing they can assist him.



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The Paragon is chosen, and soon, dry and happy, the party of fifty are steaming once more on the way to Louisville.

They leave behind them the disconsolate Captain of the Mechanic. Lafayette and the party did what they could to assuage his feelings by drawing up a declaration acquitting him from all charge of carelessness, but even this act of kindness could not restore the Captain's proud confidence. He could only repeat, "Never will my fellow citizens pardon me for the peril to which Lafayette has been exposed."

And the Ohio, which like so many rivers, has such wonderful tales to tell, murmurs still to all those who love the past this story of the shipwreck of Lafayette. How much emotion it embodies: Lafayette's wild anguish, the son's quiet heroism, the bitter self-reproach of the proud Captain, and the generous response of the owners of the boats. Though the back-



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ground of the Ohio's story is nothing more than a tangled forest lighted by bonfires into whose flames the spring rain drifts, it rivals in interest the tale of the historic Potomac or of the lordly banks of the Hudson.

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## CHAPTER IV

### *Visits to Great Men*

IT was natural that Lafayette on his great tour of the country should wish to visit the men who had done so much to make America what it was. That many of these men had been his friends in earlier days added to his desire to pay them his respects. He himself had made his contribution to America's cause in such early youth that he had been thrown constantly with men much his senior, so that now that he had reached his sixty-seventh year these friends of former years were aged men.

John Adams was in his eighty-ninth year when Lafayette, soon after arriving in New York, paid his first visit to Boston. Lafayette must have felt himself a young man still, by contrast, when he entered the simple wooden house at Quincy, Massachusetts, where the elder Adams dwelt. There was little to recall



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the man Lafayette had known in the days of the Revolution in the old man who looked dimly up at him from his chair unable from his infirmities to rise. Lafayette had driven from Boston to Quincy insisting upon paying this visit without the formal attendance of any of the organizations that would so gladly have accompanied him. But Adams knew well of the enthusiasm the visit was creating in Boston and New York, and he frequently expressed his joy in the country's welcome. It was soon time to drive back to Boston on that long, slow journey behind the horses. "We left him," said Lavasseur, "filled with admiration at the courage with which he supported the pains and infirmities which the lapse of nearly half a century had accumulated upon him." Admiration well bestowed, for to that strong, dominating personality it doubtless took more courage to sit patiently in a chair as life ebbed slowly out than it had taken boldly to sign the Declaration of Independence.



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It was in August after his arrival in New York that Lafayette paid that visit to John Adams; it was not until the following October or nearly November that he drove the eighty miles which separated Richmond from Monticello to seek out his well-loved friend, Thomas Jefferson. His intimacy with Jefferson had been of the quality of true friendship. Their ideals had been singularly alike. They had been thrown much together, although they had not looked upon each other's faces for many and many a day.

Jefferson had been Governor of Virginia in the days when Lafayette had tried to protect the State against Cornwallis. Later he had been sent by his Government to France and had known Lafayette in his own environment, had visited at his house, admired his wife and loved his children. Lines taken here and there from Jefferson's letters extending over many years tell the story of that long intimacy. When Jef-



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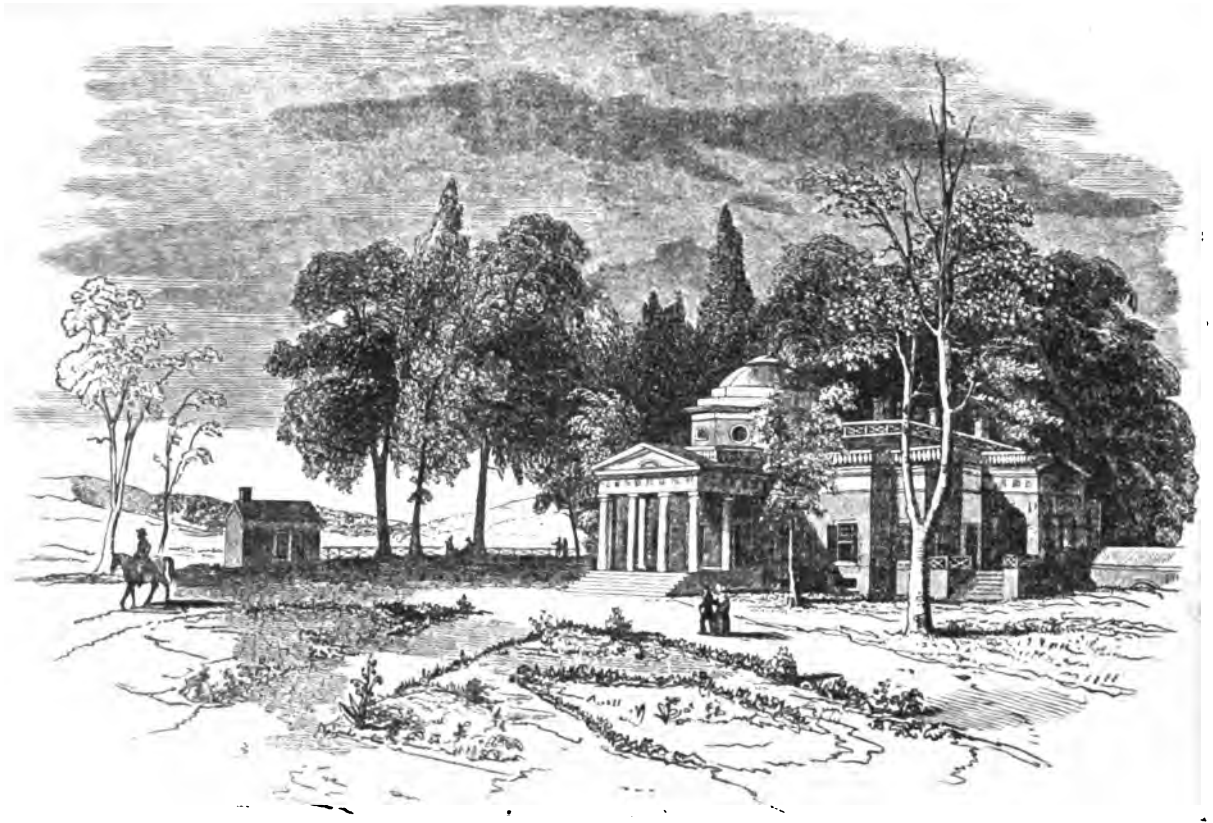

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ferson was in Paris in 1787 he wrote home: "The Marquis de Lafayette is a most valuable auxiliary to me. His zeal is unbounded and his weight with those in power is great."

In that same year, he wrote to Lafayette himself, ending the letter with apologies for not filling it with more ardent expressions of affection. ". . . according to the ideas of my country," wrote honest Jefferson, "we do not permit ourselves even truths when they have the air of flattery. I content myself therefore with saying once for all that I love you, your wife and children. Tell them so, and adieu. Th. Jefferson."

After his return to America, Jefferson was persuaded to take a position in the Cabinet. He wrote to Lafayette: "Behold me, my dear friend, elected Secretary of State instead of returning to the far more agreeable daily participation in your friendship." And he reassures Lafayette upon the subject of France's Revolu-



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tion, which was meeting with difficulties and dangers, by reminding him that "we are not translated from despotism to liberty on a feather bed," warning him to beware of his personal safety. "I am convinced were she [France] to lose you, it would cost her oceans of blood and years of confusion and anarchy. Kiss the dear children for me. Learn them to be, as you are, a cement between two nations."

When Lafayette was imprisoned by the Austrians at Olmütz, Jefferson had written to a friend: "I have received your kind letter of August 19, with the extract from that of Lafayette for whom my heart has been bleeding. The action of the United States has been put in action as far as it could be either with decency or effect."

Long years passed in which the two men did not meet. When Lafayette arrived in America, it was natural that Jefferson should long to see him. He wrote the General an urgent invitation



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to come to Monticello, that beautiful Virginia home whose doors were ever open. "What a history we have to run over," he said in this letter of invitation, "from that evening that yourself, Mousnier, Bernan, and other patriots settled in my house in Paris the outlines of the constitution you wished, and to trace it through all the disastrous chapters of Robespierre, Barras, Bonaparte, and the Bourbons. These things, however, are for our meetings — in the meantime we are impatient that your ceremonies at York should be over and give you to the embraces of friendship."

Lafayette did not arrive at the house of his old friend in the simple style in which he had gone to Quincy. Perhaps Jefferson himself was not averse to making more of an occasion of the visit. The volunteer cavalry of Virginia and the committee of arrangement of Richmond accompanied the nation's guest, lining up on the lawn of Monticello to witness the



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meeting between the two great idealists of sister countries while crowds of country folk completed the circle.

When the two friends had parted last, Jefferson was at the height of his powers, a brilliant man of forty-four years. "The Marquis" was just thirty, his mature manhood fulfilling the promise of his youth. And now the barouche toils up the long hill upon whose summit Monticello rests, a man of sixty-seven alights, still ruddy and strong, a little inclined to corpulency, slightly lame, his plain, kindly face alight with interest and anticipation. The doors of Monticello open and a spare old gentleman of eighty-one, with a waistcoat and a stock that defy the prevailing modes, hastens down the steps. The two chief actors in this little drama have been the center of curious eyes too many decades to feel the slightest embarrassment in the many spectators of their meeting. "They break into a kind of shuffling run."



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"Ah, Jefferson!" cries Lafayette.

"Ah, Lafayette!" cries the sage of Monticello, and they clasp each other in a long embrace.

Then together they enter the doors of the house and the crowds must make the best of what they have seen, and disperse.

Monticello must have been a charming place to visit, instinct as it everywhere was with the personality of its interesting owner. Jefferson himself had designed the house, which was in the Italian style, and had even worked upon its construction with his own hands. He had lived here many years. He had brought his wife here as a bride; during the long years of his public service he had thought of it always as a haven of rest. When his labors for the country were over, he retired here happily and let the world come to him.

What a pleasure it would have been to look



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in upon the dining-table that first night that Lafayette spent at Monticello, to listen to the reminiscences of Jefferson and his guest. I think that we should have known the quintessence of enjoyment as they two recalled the days that had gone and made their prophecies for the years to come.

The room in which they sat was graced by busts of Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, and Paul Jones. The drawing-rooms through which they strolled later were filled with fine paintings and statuary and other treasures that Jefferson's travel in Europe, his lavish purse, and fine taste had made it possible to bring to the Virginia woods.

All too quickly the days at Monticello passed, for engagements elsewhere claimed Lafayette, tearing him from what Jefferson had called "the embraces of friendship." When the hour came for leaving, Jefferson accompanied his guest as far as Charlottes-



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ville, where, in his company, they visited the University of Virginia.

Some eight months before Lafayette had landed in America, a lady had written to "Dolly" Madison, the wife of that Madison who had been the fourth President of the United States, to ask: "What do you think of the probability of having the Marquis de Lafayette for a visit, for surely Montpelier will be the first place to fly to when he comes to the United States."

Undoubtedly Mrs. Madison, one of the most accomplished and charming women of that early America, thought very well of such a visit and urged her husband, when he went to Charlottesville, to meet Jefferson and Lafayette to bring the popular General home without fail.

Madison and Lafayette had met before. In 1784, when Lafayette had been sent to treat with the Indians in Albany, Madison had joined



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him, speaking well of his companion afterwards, finding him as "sincere an American as any Frenchman can be." With his own stern, Anglo-Saxon reserve, he could not help remarking that when "the Marquis" did a good act he did not mind having it known, but he did not deny the good acts nor the charm of the "frankness of temper" that was quite as willing to trumpet the good acts of his friends.

Madison himself was a silent and a grave man, — "the wisest of the Presidents except Washington," — but not averse to livelier qualities in others. His vivacious wife had always lightened his moods. He liked to seek her society in troubled moments and to know the refreshment of a laugh. I like to think that it was in some such mood that Madison now sought Lafayette to bring him home from the University of Virginia. Doubtless the two men talked of farming quite as much as they did of politics, for Lafayette, since his retirement to



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La Grange, enjoyed the pleasures of agriculture as much as did Jefferson and Madison. Madison was a neighbor of Jefferson, in the liberal interpretation of that word in Virginia, and lived at Montpelier with much the same quiet enjoyment as his neighbor lived at Monticello. Both the country houses looked out on the Blue Ridge Mountains. Both were open to many friends and strangers, and both men knew the difficulties of making these pleasant country estates profitable investments. Madison laid the failure of return largely to the difficulties of cultivating the land with slave labor, and doubtless Lafayette, in his hatred of slavery, rejoiced in Madison's discontent in its practical application.

After the noise of cannon and of cities, the constant traveling by boat or by barouche, Lafayette must have enjoyed the four quiet days with the ex-President and his charming wife in their well-ordered estate. Montpelier embraced



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almost twenty-five thousand acres, and we may be sure that Lafayette's interest extended to everything there, from the fields of tobacco to the cabins where the slaves dwelt. He found his way to the negro quarters of the plantation more than once, coming back with nosegays which some aged negroes enjoyed arranging for him.

Doubtless he laughed with Madison when some of the slaves addressed him in French and was amused to learn that a French gardener had taken pains to teach them some words of that language. The French gardener was a very important person at Montpelier. To his skill Madison owed the flower garden in the form of a horseshoe, which seemed to justify the fabulous sum of four hundred dollars a year which the French gardener was said to receive.

In addition to the garden with the flowers primly dancing in the horseshoe, there was a fine ha-ha hedge, enclosing a lawn with two



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tulip trees in the center. Had some curious neighbor peeped over the top of this hedge during these eventful days, he would have been well rewarded by seeing the great and silent Madison, dressed neatly in a black coat, knee breeches, and buckled shoes, his hair in a queue, walking beside an animated, elderly man in a blue coat and nankeen trousers, while more than likely "Dolly" Madison was with them, enlivening the conversation with her gay sallies.

During the evenings that Lafayette was in this pleasant home, the neighboring planters came in to pay their respects, and then the conversation grew serious, as it ranged over the great topics of the day. Slavery came in for its share of discussion, and Lafayette without offense let his own views on that subject be plainly understood. The planters, in their close contact with the problem, could bring forward with intelligence the difficulties that attended various schemes for bringing the evil to an end,



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while Lafayette, though listening with respect, could still contend that all men have the right to freedom.

On the 19th of November, the pleasant drives about the plantation, the walks within the ha-ha hedge, and the stimulating talks over the dinner-table, came to an end. Lafayette bade his host and his charming wife farewell and continued his travels.

Lafayette passed the winter that followed his visits to Monticello and Montpelier in the city of Washington, staying at the same house with the most popular man in America, Andrew Jackson, the hero of the battle of New Orleans. Jackson had his wife with him — that Rachel Robards whose story had been threshed threadbare by a country where to be a divorced woman was to court ostracism. Rachel Jackson had been such a one when Jackson married her, and Jackson's enemies were not likely to



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let him forget it. By wounding him in his most sensitive spot they could strike fire from "Old Hickory" at any time, but it would have taken more than their slurs to have made him regret his union.

It was in Washington that Lafayette met the famous pair. In his chivalry he must have gone out of his way to treat Mrs. Jackson kindly, with the result that she could write a friend that she was "delighted with him" and could testify, "he is an extraordinary man. He has a happy faculty of knowing those he has once seen."

When Lafayette visited the West in the following spring and summer, it was fitting that "Old Hickory," in the character of chief son of Tennessee, should await him at Nashville. Jackson did not live in that city, though he was a familiar figure there, but on his country estate, "The Hermitage," some miles down the river. He had hastened to the town, however, to take part in the welcome to the Gen-



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eral, bringing his wife with him. During the procession into Nashville, Lafayette learned from Jackson of his wife's presence there and found time in that hurried day to pay her a visit, an act of homage that doubtless pleased the lady's husband more than any honor to himself could have done.

On this same day Nashville gave Lafayette a dinner at four in the afternoon, an hour that did not seem strange to 1825. "Old Hickory" presided, and doubtless did so exceedingly well; for though "his phraseology sufficiently betokened he had not spent his time among books," he had both force and wit, with a fund of good stories at his command not rivaled by any public man until the time of Lincoln.

Jackson was fifty years old at this time, a tall, thin figure, with a profusion of stiff hair that gave him sometimes "a formidable appearance." Aaron Burr had said of him that he "was a man of intelligence, one of those



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prompt, frank, ardent souls whom I love to meet." Behind him towered the conquest of Florida and the battle of New Orleans, while before him loomed the Presidency. The guests who sat that day at table supposed that honor would elude his grasp. The preceding February he had received the greatest number of votes of any candidate, but as no candidate had a majority, the election had gone to the House of Representatives who made John Quincy Adams President of the United States. Not until four years later did Jackson take his place in the distinguished line.

On the following day, after the Nashville celebration, Lafayette drove with Jackson to "The Hermitage." "Old Hickory" was as fond of farming as were the great men of Virginia whom Lafayette had visited. His great estate was his pleasure; his horses were his pride. In the midst of his many acres stood his house, so modest a dwelling that Lavasseur



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was struck with astonishment that a man spoken of for the Presidency, a hero of the last war, could dwell there without remark. What would the Secretary have said had he known that the present "Hermitage" had been built to gratify Mrs. Jackson and that but six years earlier the Jacksons had dwelt very happily in a log house of five rooms. The party soon after their arrival sat down to a bounteous, Western dinner at one o'clock, after which Jackson proudly led his visitors about his well-kept farm.

Before Lafayette left, the hero of New Orleans handed him a brace of pistols, asking him if he recognized them.

"I gave them to General Washington in 1778," said Lafayette in wonder; and then with his usual kindness and grace he expressed his pleasure that they should have fallen into Jackson's hands.

"Yes," said "Old Hickory," flushing with pleasure,—"yes, I believe myself worthy of



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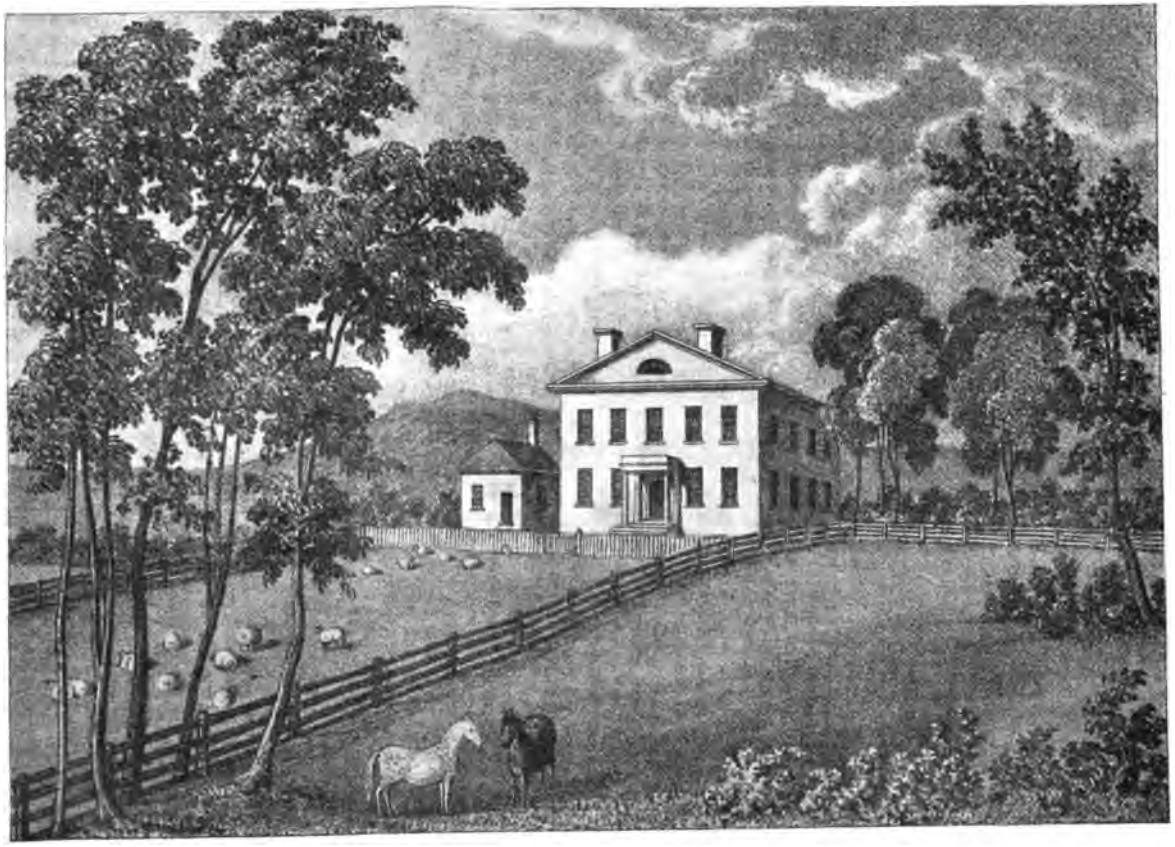

THE HERMITAGE

Home of Andrew Jackson

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them, if not for what I have done, at least for what I wished to do for my country." And with that picture of Jackson, we will bid good-bye to "The Hermitage."

James Monroe had been President of the United States when Lafayette had arrived for his long visit. Before Lafayette's return to France, Adams occupied the Presidential chair and Monroe had joined the group of ex-Presidents. Lafayette had already paid his respects to three men who had once held that office. It now seemed fitting that he should go to Oak Hill to pay a similar visit to Monroe.

Monroe was nearer Lafayette's contemporary than any of the other distinguished men whose doors he had entered. Monroe was but a year Lafayette's junior, and had been in the battles of Brandywine and Monmouth as a lieutenant in a Virginia regiment. This fact alone must have given them much food for conversa-



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tion; but in further claim to Lafayette's esteem Monroe knew France well, having been there as envoy after the fall of Robespierre. Lafayette at that time was languishing in prison and Monroe had carried on a complex correspondence dealing with his release. He had not been able to bring that about, but he had been instrumental in having Madame Lafayette freed from her imprisonment, a fact that her husband was not apt to have forgotten. Probably, then, it was with honest anticipation that Lafayette set forth for Oak Hill, another Virginia country place, accompanied by the new President, John Quincy Adams. Three days were passed pleasantly with Monroe and his family. Mrs. Monroe was still living and in her handsome middle years still recalled the young woman whom the Parisians had called "La belle Américaine."

Monroe was not a striking personality. His face in repose was stern, his expression harsh, but a smile lighted his face now and then, and



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that smile must have played over his features when Lafayette alighted at his doors. "He had no grace either in appearance or manner," his biographer confessed. What a contrast Lafayette must have presented as they walked about Oak Hill on these last days, and yet not too sharp a contrast, for in the inner graces of upright character they were not so unlike.

It was the last visit of this nature Lafayette was to pay in the States, for his farewell to America followed soon upon his farewell to Oak Hill and Monroe.

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## CHAPTER V

*The Cordial Southern Cities*

FORTY-SEVEN years had passed since the June day when Lafayette, the runaway youth, had landed in America, groping his way through the darkness to the door of Colonel Huger, of Georgetown, South Carolina. The welcome he had received within that hospitable home, the welcome he had received in Charleston on the days that followed, was of a character to endear the South and its people forever. It was natural, therefore, that America's distinguished guest should plan to visit South Carolina and her neighboring States before bidding America a final farewell.

General Lafayette had passed the greater part of the winter in Washington, but with the spring thaws of 1825 he began to make his plans for further traveling. He determined not only to go through the Southern States, but to



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visit the West as well, to penetrate even into the wilderness that bordered the Mississippi.

On the 23d of February, therefore, we see him start forth again, provided by Mrs. Eliza Custis, a relative of Washington, with a "most comfortable and commodious carriage." The roads through the South were little better than they had been when Lafayette had galloped over them on his way to Philadelphia in 1777. He had felt little fatigue then and he complained of little now, though he had so many more years on his shoulders. As his carriage pitched and bumped on its way through the pine woods and past the rice-fields and the fields of indigo of the South, he was constantly stopping to receive the greetings of the people. Camden, South Carolina, boasted only two hundred inhabitants, but he paused there, on his way to Charleston, and laid the corner-stone for a monument to Baron de Kalb.

To the young girls who strewed flowers in



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the General's way and to the boys in the militia De Kalb was merely the name of a foreign officer who had died for America at Camden, but to Lafayette, who laid the stone, De Kalb was a man of flesh and blood whom he had known for good and for bad as one knows one's fellows. Together they had crossed the sea on that first bold expedition to America; together they had stumbled through the black night to the door of Colonel Huger at Georgetown; side by side they had ridden through the wilderness to Philadelphia and waited there for the recognition of Congress.

De Kalb, whose attitude had been more or less censorious in the new land and whose carping did not always spare Washington himself, had never had anything but good words for Lafayette. "I always meet him with the same cordiality and the same pleasure," he had written home. When Lafayette departed for France on furlough, a cry of nostalgia was wrung from



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De Kalb who wrote to his wife: "As often as a Frenchman returns home my heart is ready to burst with homesickness. I am very tired of the war here and would have been glad to go to Paris with Lafayette. Receive him kindly and courteously and thank him for numerous proofs of regard he has extended." He and Lafayette were not to meet again. Riddled with eleven wounds, De Kalb fell in the battle of Camden and his bones rested perforce in the land of which he had grown so weary. Tenderly Lafayette lowered the stone in the lonely Southern village with its inscription: "This stone was placed over the remains of Baron De Kalb by General Lafayette in 1825."

They were all growing weary of pine forests and of bad roads when they drew near Charleston. It was in the middle of March and Lafayette and his son and his secretary found the city a veritable paradise. The great magnolias



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were in bloom; the air was heavy with the scent of the blossoming fruit trees. Friends could age and friends could die, but the beauty of Charleston was unchanged. And then, added delight, they heard at every turn their own native language. A group of Frenchmen in the uniform of the old French National Guard had come, with many delegations and many American troops, to escort the guest of honor to the city. Their "Vive Lafayette!" rang out pleasantly in the intoxicating air. To the Frenchmen the honor was given of marching nearest the coach of General Lafayette.

But there was one of Charleston's citizens whose right to be near Lafayette was greater than that of any of the Frenchmen who had greeted him so gayly. This was Francis Huger, son of that Colonel Huger who had welcomed Lafayette to America. But it was not in the character of his father's son that Francis Huger now rode into Charleston facing Lafayette in



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the coach; this honor, we will remember, Huger had won for himself, by his youthful attempt to free Lafayette from the Austrian prison of Olmütz. It was just such an enterprise as Lafayette, at the same age, would have had the spirit to have attempted. Huger had joined a Dr. Bollman in a bold attempt to overcome Lafayette's guards when their prisoner went forth for a drive. The attempt was successful, though through a blunder Lafayette did not escape, but with his would-be rescuers was overtaken and conveyed back to his dungeon. Those days were long over. Francis Huger was now a comfortable, middle-aged man who could smile with Lafayette over that other drive, so unlike the one they were now enjoying, which ended for them all in the prison of Olmütz.

For three March days Lafayette was in Charleston — days filled full with festivities in his honor. He had always loved the beautiful Southern city and had written of it years ago



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that the inhabitants were "as agreeable as his fancy had allowed him to imagine." He found them no less agreeable now. Surfeited as he must have been by this time with fêtes, he could still feel the charm of that ball which Charleston gave him, in the theater whose pit had been covered over to accommodate the dancers.

At the sound of a bugle he entered the room, and as everywhere the company went literally wild with joy. Again the ladies clapped their little hands within gloves stamped with the portrait of Lafayette. Here as everywhere there was a throne prepared for his seat. What, then, could Charleston offer to her guest that other cities could not give as freely? Only a night more beautiful than the North could ever boast, sweet with the odor of tropical blossoms, cool from the winds of the sea; only the indelible remembrance of having been the first city to welcome Lafayette in his youth; of having extended that welcome with such heartiness and such



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democratic simplicity that even the bounding expectations of nineteen years had been destined to a full and beautiful realization. One does not forget a first love; Charleston was secure forever of a place in the heart of Lafayette.

Lafayette left Charleston by sea to proceed to Savannah. As he had paused at Camden to lay a corner-stone for a hero's monument, he could do no less than promise Savannah to perform for her a similar service. The heroes whom the city purposed to honor were Nathanael Greene, that general of the Revolution, next to Washington in military ability, and Count Pulaski, that gallant Pole in American service who had died of wounds received in the siege of Savannah. Lafayette had been particularly attached to General Nathanael Greene. Their rank as major-generals during the war of the Revolution had thrown them much in each other's society. They had both fought at



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Brandywine and at Monmouth; they had both endured the hardships at Valley Forge. In that last hot campaign in the South it was Greene who had driven Cornwallis out of South Carolina into Virginia where Lafayette had penned up the English earl in Yorktown. The ballad-makers of the day had linked the generals' names jocosely:

"Cornwallis led a country dance:
The like was never seen, sir,
Much retrograde and much advance,
And all with General Greene, sir.

"They rambled up and rambled down,
Turned hands and off they run, sir.
Our General Greene to Charlestown,
The earl to Wilmington, sir.

"Greene in the South then danced a set
And got a mighty name, sir.
Cornwallis jigged with young Fayette,
But suffered in his fame, sir."

But Greene, in spite of "the mighty name" which he had won, had been overcome five



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years after that last campaign by a foe greater than Cornwallis. A stroke of the sun brought him to his end in the forty-fourth year of his age. He had passed away on his estate near Savannah amidst wide mourning.

And "young Fayette" was now an elderly man, traveling over the States where once Greene had fought, his years emphasized by the appellations of "venerable sir" and "aged warrior" which the youthful heads of delegations constantly used while addressing him. And so Lafayette, having arrived safely in Savannah amidst the usual rejoicing, laid the corner-stone for the monument for his old friend Greene. Perhaps he remembered as he did so that kind letter from Washington after Greene's death, wherein Washington had assured him of Greene's affectionate regard and sincere admiration.

The speech Lafayette made on this occasion before the Masons, the militia, and the



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school-children and other citizens who pressed about him, was, like all his speeches made on this great tour, brief, graceful, and appropriate.

"The great and good man," he began, "to whose memory we this day pay a tribute of respect, of affection, and profound regret, acquired in our Revolutionary War a glory so true and so pure that even now the name of Greene recalls all the virtues, all the talents which can adorn the patriot, the statesman, and the general."

When the stone was laid, Lafayette struck it three times with the mallet, and with further Masonic rites the ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone was concluded. A like ceremony was immediately performed in another portion of the city where a corner-stone was laid for a monument to Pulaski.

When the visit at Savannah was at an end, the Southern tour was continued, the party using the rivers and waterways when they



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could do so. The route to Augusta was by water, but after some strenuous days there, Lafayette took to his carriage once more, driving to Milledgeville, thence to Macon, and from Macon to Montgomery, Alabama. The entertainments in his honor largely repeated themselves through these successive towns, but between Montgomery and Mobile, a journey made partly by land and partly by water, the fêtes suddenly underwent a sharp change. This was because the way of the travelers now led them through the reservation the Indians were then occupying along the Chattahoochee River and the Uchee and Line Creeks.

Throughout the twenty-four States the orators had repeatedly hailed Lafayette as the lover of freedom and of liberty. The red men knew these words to be true and that Lafayette carried his belief in the freedom of man so far that he made no distinction of race nor of color. They waited for him stolidly and sto-



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ically, these red brothers of the forests, knowing from tradition of his consistent kindness to Indians. The word had been passed through the tribes, down the generations, that he was the friend of the red man.

We have some fine pen pictures of these forest scenes that now transpired: Lafayette in cabins with flames from great pine logs roaring up the chimney, with silent Indians sitting about him; Lafayette crossing the streams with Indians breast-deep in the waters to mark for him the position of a submerged bridge; Lafayette watching the games and dances the Indians devised for his amusement; Lafayette accompanied through the forests by long lines of the strange men with their grotesquely painted faces. No more clapping of little gloved hands here, no more trumpets, no more arches except those the trees made. There must have been rest for Lafayette and fresh enjoyment in these scenes.



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There were speeches, however, for the Indians made their formal compliments to him as the white men had been doing. But it is to be recorded that it was left to an Indian to be the first not to remind the General of the changes the years had brought, but instead to assure him with rude grace: "Even the youngest among us will say to our descendants that they have touched your hand and seen your figure; they will also behold you, for you are protected by the Great Spirit from the ravages of age — you may again defend us if we are attacked."

At Montgomery the usual form of entertainment was awaiting Lafayette, and he sailed and drove from there to Mobile. At Mobile a fine ship awaited him which Louisiana had sent to carry him across the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans. The crossing was a stormy one, but not so bad that the seasick victims were not on deck two days later to enjoy the spectacle of the



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Father of Waters pouring into the ocean, Lavasseur finding the river more like a conqueror than a tributary of the sea.

When Lafayette appeared on deck, the air was rent with cries of "Vive Lafayette!" and "Vive l'ami d'Amérique!" These cries came from men in the French uniform and the hearts of the three French travelers "beat with joy." Amid the thunder of artillery Lafayette disembarked and gave himself up for several days to the enthusiasm of the population of French and American citizens. It rained during almost the entire visit, but this in no way seemed to lessen the transports of the people whenever the beloved General appeared. They crowded the public reception, they lined the streets, they packed the theater when it was known that he would be present at a performance. The free blacks waited upon him, certain of a welcome, for Lafayette hated and deplored slavery and had found it the one blot on his Southern welcome.



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THE BALISE, MISSISSIPPI RIVER

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Now and then the interests of the mixed population of French and Americans conflicted. A performance at the theater being in order for the General's entertainment, the point arose whether he should attend the American or the French. Both factions were equally desirous of his presence. The General never found any difficulty in such situations. He promptly accepted both invitations for the same evening, showing himself, after drawing of lots, first at the American theater to witness a tragedy founded on his own story called "The Prisoner of Olmütz," going from there to the French theater to see the comedy of "L'École des Vieillards." It made little difference whether comedy or tragedy was chosen for representation, for upon his appearance the tumult was so great that the actors and the plays were forgotten. And Lafayette had been arousing this sort of enthusiasm since the day when he first returned from France.



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In each city he visited he received new proof of it, and in each city he found the occasion further to endear himself. New Orleans was no exception. A quarrel had arisen there between the staff and the officers of the militia as to their prerogatives. Rumors of this dispute came to Lafayette. He might easily have turned a deaf ear to the squabble, but that was not his way. He loved peace and harmony. He had acted as mediator many times in his life. He did not hesitate to do so now. He called the disputants together in his house, and speaking to them with tact and kindness he brought about a perfect harmony. This fact becoming known, the city was more eager than ever to pay him homage.

Among the many who pressed forward to meet him we have a touching picture of one, an aged Spanish friar, Father Anthony, much loved in the city for his great services during yellow fever, who, upon seeing Lafayette, cried,



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in the spirit of Simeon of old, "O my son, I have found favor before the Lord since he has permitted me to see the worthiest apostle of liberty!"

Lafayette and his party left New Orleans on the morning of the 15th of April. The levee was crowded with his new-made friends. The balconies and the very roof-tops were called upon to hold the throngs. He bowed his cordial farewell to the last, before embarking on the steamer that was now to take him to the frontier States of America.

"Vive Lafayette! Vive Lafayette!" cried New Orleans as the boat steamed slowly up the great river.

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# CHAPTER VI

## *The Frontier*

THE hospitality of Louisiana did not end with Lafayette's farewell to New Orleans. The steamboat Natchez, which the State had sent to bring the nation's guest from Mobile to New Orleans, was now put at his disposal to convey him up the great river to St. Louis.

The voyage took the Natchez thirteen days, but this allowed Lafayette time to stop at Baton Rouge and Natchez, Mississippi, before he "bade farewell to the civilized world." The river in those days was a great thoroughfare; boats of every description were noted by the travelers, among them the strange, rough "arks" that, laden with freight, floated down the current to be sold at the journey's end for lumber while the boatman patiently made his way homeward on foot.

The long voyage to St. Louis passed very



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ST. LOUIS AND THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

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pleasantly for the travelers on board the Natchez in company with the committee from New Orleans who attended them, and the committee from Mississippi who later joined the party. Louisiana geese sailed over their heads; wild deer swam by the boat. Now and then the vessel stopped for wood, and the travelers had a chance to look deep into the virgin forests that lined the shores. Sometimes as the steamboat picked its way up the river, the Captain pointed out treacherous snags that reached their gnarly fingers hungrily in the direction of the travelers who were thus made conscious that these enemies rendered river travel almost as dangerous as travel by sea. After the weary miles in carriages there was rest and relief in the long days on the great river.

It was not until the evening of the 28th of April that the Natchez anchored at Carondelet, a little village six or seven miles from St. Louis,



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populated largely with Frenchmen. These poor village people, finding themselves unexpectedly host to the man so many cities clamored to receive, showed him honor by bringing such gifts as they had for his acceptance. A man on a steamboat might well have been embarrassed by the gift of a young fawn, to say nothing of a pair of tame geese. But Lafayette had not the heart to wound any one, least of all his countrymen struggling here on their small farms for a livelihood. "He therefore hastened to accept them and return his acknowledgments."

Carondelet sent word to St. Louis that her guest was at her door. The next morning the frontier welcomed Lafayette. He landed at the Market-House Square and was greeted, as he had been at New Orleans, by the cheers of both French and Americans. The Mayor of the city in his address welcomed the visitor formally to the "most distant point of the Republic."



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And Lafayette, in part, replied: "I have once more the satisfaction to see the descendants of France and the descendants of my American contemporaries mingled in the blessings of republican institutions, and in a common devotion to the confederation and union, Sir, so essential not only to the fate of each member of the confederacy, but also to the general fate of mankind that the least breach of it would be hailed with barbarian joy by an universal war-whoop of European aristocracy and despotism."

The word "war-whoop," which Lafayette introduced into his speech in "the most distant point of the Republic," indicated that the General felt the need already of more extravagant language than he had hitherto used to express the emotions which the great forest-bordered river and the wild frontier aroused within his impressionable breast. The West undoubtedly liked that word; they must have smiled



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broadly when it fell from the Frenchman's lips!

The crowd now moved up Main Street. St. Louis might be on the frontier, but she had no mind to be distanced any more than needs must be by the East. There was a fine barouche, therefore, for the General drawn by four gray horses. Within the barouche the Mayor, an old soldier, and the founder of the city, Colonel Auguste Chouteau, sat with the General. The founder of the city was an interesting old man. His axe had cut the logs for the first house on the site of St. Louis. He had lived to see a city of six thousand souls settle about him. It was to the house of this old fur-trader's son, Pierre Chouteau, that the barouche was conveying Lafayette. In the words of a contemporary newspaper the house was a "spacious and elegant mansion." Here the entire town was asked to assemble at the reception held for the General. How pleased Lafayette must have



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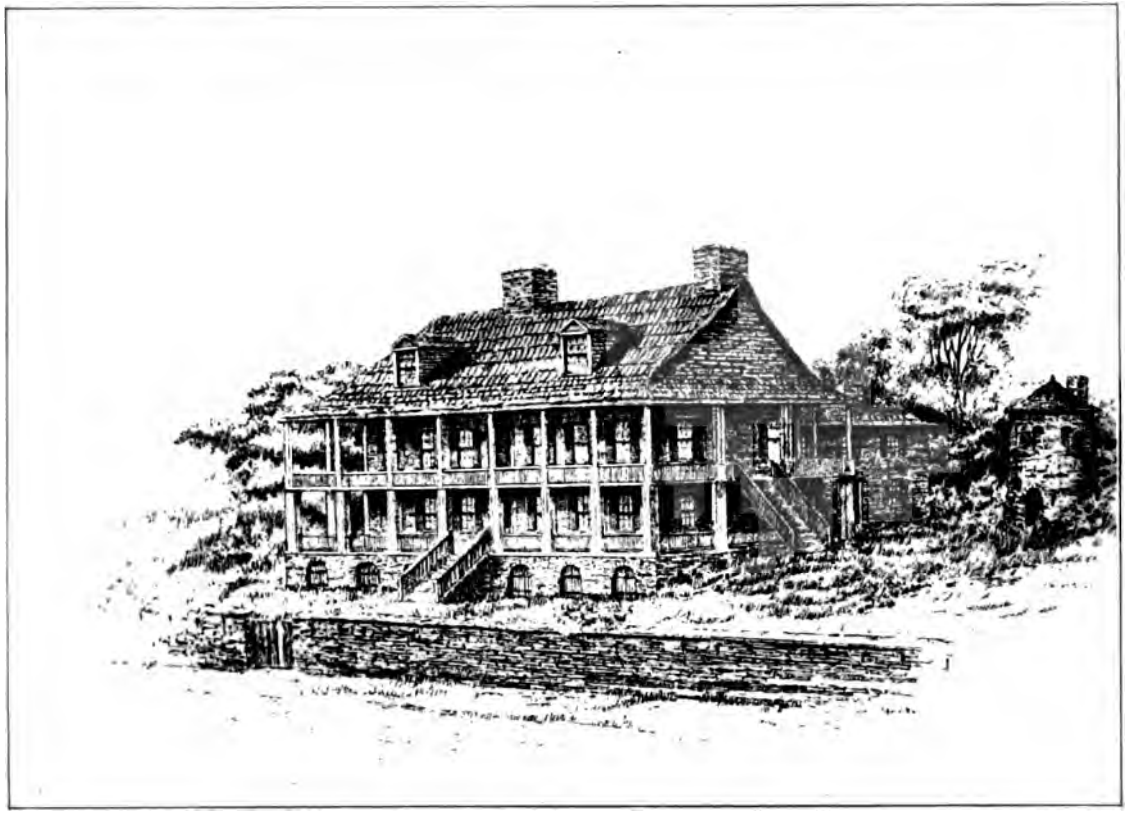

PIERRE CHOUTEAU HOUSE, ST. LOUIS

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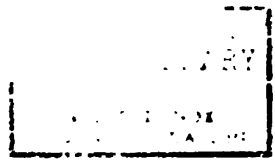

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been to discover, among the sea of strange faces, a son of his old friend Alexander Hamilton! He had a welcome, too, for the old soldier who had been sergeant under Rochambeau.

The dinner the Chouteaus gave for Lafayette was at four o'clock. Among the guests was Governor Cole to remind Lafayette of his promise to stop somewhere in Illinois. The Governor of the youngest of the twenty-four States was a young man after Lafayette's own heart, of fine principles, good education, and accomplished address. His stand on the spread of slavery had elected him to his present office. He had met Lafayette during a great tour of Europe, so that they were not strangers when he made his toast at Pierre Chouteau's dinner, to "France, dear to our hearts from so many recollections, and above all for having given birth to Lafayette."

Before Lafayette left the Chouteau table he raised his glass to his host's father, that venerable old man, first to settle in St. Louis.



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Lafayette was constantly endearing himself in his travels by such thoughtful attentions, so that in the words of a frontier journal the people were not more ready to say at his arrival, "Welcome, Lafayette!" than they were to say at his departure, "God bless thee, Lafayette!"

Lafayette bade farewell to the "most distant point in the Republic" that same night after the ball the citizens of St. Louis gave him. He boarded the Natchez at midnight, in company with Governor Cole, to pay a brief visit in Illinois. He did not escape St. Louis without adding to his overwhelming collection of gifts. The steamboat that received the fawn and the geese must needs make room for calumets, bows, arrows, and dresses of the Missouri Indians. Lafayette accepted them all with becoming gratitude. In far-away La Grange they must often have served to recall that town that had sprung up in the wilderness so soon after the first blow of the axe of old Auguste Chouteau.



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On account of Lafayette's limited time it was advisable to stop only at such towns as bordered rivers. Lafayette, therefore, chose to stop in Illinois at the town of Kaskaskia. Though in the company of His Excellency, the Governor, the village did not expect him; but once the people knew that he was in their little town they gave him as hearty a welcome as any city could have done.

Lafayette walked from the river to the house of Colonel Edgar, a patriot of the Revolution, where in the presence of the village people who crowded about, the Governor delivered a formal welcome. There was an ample dinner soon after at the tavern, which the newspaper described as not being surpassed "in variety or excellency in any other city in the Western country." The women in the brief time they had had to make ready had fashioned an arch over the hero's chair, "which presented the beautiful resemblance to a rainbow." "The



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lovely creation of female hands," the editor of the "Intelligencer" called it. Later in the day Kaskaskia managed a ball where Lafayette, it is said, led the grand march.

In each hamlet, town, and city that the General visited on his tour there was, of course, much repetition in his entertainment. A ball, a Masonic dinner, a reception, and usually a review of the militia were inevitable, but it is to be noted that the States differed widely enough, so that, as a rule, each one offered, usually quite unconsciously, some novelty of entertainment that kept Lafayette and his party from feeling any tedium. Kaskaskia with its ball and its hasty banquet had a greater surprise in store.

There were many Indians in the village, who stood about the doors of the tavern and stared hard at the great visitor, their painted faces and nude bodies adding a touch of novelty to the scene greater than any floral arch that "lovely female hands" could erect. Among the Indians



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was one, a Christian girl, reared by the Menard family, and christened "Mary," who related a story to Lavasseur that filled him with interest. This girl's father, a chief, had handed to her when dying his son's most precious possession, a letter which he told her would always gain friends for her among the white men. This the girl had worn for years about her neck in a little bag. She displayed the letter to Lavasseur with pride. He saw to his astonishment that it was a letter from Lafayette, dated "Albany, 1784." In this note the civil young Marquis had thanked the Indian chief, with his customary courtesy, for services to the white men. When Lavasseur repeated this incident to Lafayette, the General was eager to make the acquaintance of this girl, so Lavasseur persuaded Mary to come to the scene of the ball. Mary was now the wife of an Indian chief, having gone back to the life of her people, so Lavasseur was obliged to fetch her from her



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camp. She was woman enough to be unwilling to present herself in her rough clothes, so that in the end it was Lafayette who came to Mary, not Mary to Lafayette. Lavasseur led the girl to a lower room in the house where the ball was held, and here Lafayette met her, unfolding his own worn letter which he had written in his youth and reading it with astonishment. He conversed with the girl for some time, and related to those who clustered about them many tales of the fidelity of those Indians who had supported the Americans in the Revolution.

At midnight he again embarked on the steamboat that was to pause but once more in Illinois.

Before the boat reached Shawneetown for its last stop in the State, the party had gone up the Cumberland to Nashville, Tennessee, where Andrew Jackson shared the honors with Lafayette. Shawneetown, that Illinois village which they reached the 8th of May, is situated at the



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point where the Wabash joins the Ohio River. The great rivers before it, the great forests behind it, must have given the place, seen in the blue light of breaking day, a sense of wildness and isolation. It was in May when the blossoms were out in a mist of pink and white, when the mistletoe could be seen clinging to the tall trees that probably the river had, as usual in the spring, slightly inundated. The party of Frenchmen must have wondered that Governor Cole should have asked them to pause at a spot so small and so remote. But the people of Shawneetown were grateful to him for his remembrance of their village. They must have expected the visit, for a salute of twenty-four rounds was fired as the travelers walked up the street to the tavern. Early as it was, a large number of ladies were already assembled there. Judge Hall, of the Circuit Court, made the address of welcome in the old-fashioned oratorical style of his day:



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"What shall we call thee who have so many titles to our affection?" we hear him ask as we turn the sere old leaves of newspapers of the day. "We hail thee by every name dear to freemen — Lafayette — friend — father — fellow citizen — patriot — soldier — philanthropist — we bid thee welcome."

Shawneetown, hovering on the banks of two great rivers, had so thin a past that she could not hope to stir within the breast of her guest a single association; among her citizens there does not seem to have been found even the usual old soldier of the Revolution. The orator then must find his inspiration in Shawneetown's very crudeness and youth.

"The little community which has the honor to-day of paying a small tribute to republican virtues was not in existence at the period when that virtue was displayed in behalf of our country. You find us dwelling in a spot which was then untrodden by the foot of civilized man,



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in the midst of forests whose silent echoes were not awakened by the tumult of that day. There is no sensible object here to recall your deeds to memory, but they dwell in our bosoms, they are imprinted upon monuments more durable than brass."

And of Illinois the orator had to say: "You find our State in its infancy, our country thinly populated, our people destitute of the luxuries and elegancies of life. In your reception we depart not from the domestic simplicity of a sequestered people. We erect no triumphal arches, we offer no exotic delicacies. We receive you to our humble dwellings and our homely fare; we take you to our arms and to our hearts."

And then Shawneetown, having shown herself sufficiently humble before the visitors from the great world that lay so far from the junction of the Ohio and the Wabash, escorted the General to the hotel, where after a brief recep-



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tion they seated him at "a handsome collation" before he again walked down the village street to the waiting steamboat.

After leaving Shawneetown the party of travelers proceeded rapidly up the Ohio, the plan being to stop next at Louisville. But, as Lafayette had once written of an early journey in his youth, "Running very fast is not always the best way of arriving very soon." Before he was to reach Louisville the steamboat on which he traveled was to be wrecked upon one of the great snags in the river. This sad interruption to his voyage, detailed in an earlier chapter, resulted in no greater loss than that of some baggage. The party reached Louisville in safety, and after a brief visit there and at Jeffersonville, Indiana, they abandoned the river and began a journey to Cincinnati by carriage. Cincinnati, even in that early day, was a large and prosperous city of eighteen thousand inhabitants, so that with Lafayette's



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arrival there he may have been said to have left the frontier behind.

As he journeys in his carriage through Kentucky on his way to Ohio, let us stop with him at Lexington to enjoy one last day in the "Western country" of the United States in 1825. The party had spent the night, after a long day's drive, near Lexington, and were escorted into that little city of six thousand people about noon of the following day. The waiting people must have rejoiced when a heavy rain ceased and a cloudy sky cleared as if by magic the moment the first cannon announced that Lafayette had entered the town.

The windows as usual were filled with welcoming faces, and in the words of the press, the faces "were lighted up with joy to greet the arrival of the Hero and Sage." In turning to the newspapers for descriptions of Lafayette's great tour we are constantly disappointed to find the editors giving their space



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to detailed descriptions of the celebrations in Lafayette's honor rather than to any pen pictures of Lafayette himself. But from the pen of the correspondent of Lexington we catch a glimpse of the city's guest:

"Never did any countenance beam with more benevolence, a more sacred sympathy than that of the good old man as he cast his eyes by turns from side to side and witnessed the spontaneous gratitude of so many of the sons and daughters of liberty."

Lafayette and his party may well have expected the welcome they received in Lexington, for the smallest hamlet in the Republic had greeted them with joy and enthusiasm. Neither could they have been surprised by the reception or the address of welcome, for even Shawneetown had its orator. The old soldier who pushed forward to show his powder-horn taken from the British had his counterpart in many other places. The surprise which Lexington



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had in store for her guest was what the press called, in its local pride, "the literary repast" at the university. For Kentucky, even then, had a university where the young men of the State received a good education. In proof of this the university gave Lafayette "the literary repast."

Visits to universities in America were no novelty to Lafayette; he had visited Harvard, Yale, the University of Virginia, and the Military Academy at West Point; yet at none of these institutions of learning did the pupils glory in their accomplishments as did the young men from the South and the West in the frontier town of Lexington. Throughout the entire celebration in honor of their guest there was a buoyancy and a naïveté that must have charmed and amused the man who at the age of these boys had had so much enthusiasm himself.

Upon Lafayette's arrival at the university, President Holly met him at the chapel door



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and led him to a sofa. A pamphlet was then distributed among the guests containing original pieces by the students which the press, in its due regard for local love of recognition, described as a "fine example of Western typography as well as of Western literature and taste." Then the "literary entertainment" began. A young man read an original ode in English which was followed by an address in French by a youth from New Orleans. He was followed by a young man who addressed Lafayette in Latin in the form of an ode. Then came another English ode, followed by still another Latin ode, and yet again an English ode.

Lafayette replied to the ambitious young speakers "in a manner that proved that the three languages were equally familiar to him, and that his heart was deeply moved by the expression of their youthful patriotism."

The joy of the press in the whole affair was



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as unconfined as that of the students. One journal stated proudly, with no more braggadocio than was to be looked for in a country so lately claimed from the wilderness: "Such a literary reception has not, as far as we remember, been given Lafayette in any college of the country."

Before we take the carriage with Lafayette again, for the long, hard journey onward, we have just time for the ball Lexington gave in a building not yet quite finished, where two rooms were fitted up hastily, with extraordinary effort. The General entered the room at nine o'clock and was later seated for supper before a "large castellated cake, surmounted with an American flag and covered with appropriate devices." Between the supper-room and the dancing-hall we cannot pass unmoved the great transparency of Daniel Boon, holding a gun in his hand and leaning against a tree as if Kentucky, even in these days of sophisticated joy, wished to say that she did not forget that old



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hunter who had made Lexington possible. At midnight the General retired to indulge, as the press surmised, "in those thoughts and feelings which occupy the mind of such a benevolent man and which must consecrate his days to peace and happiness."

It is more likely, however, that the "benevolent man" indulged in few thoughts after such crowded days, but allowed his faithful valet Bastien to help him to sink to rest, on the bed Kentucky had prepared for him, as quickly as possible.

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## CHAPTER VII

*In the Cradle of American Liberty*

IF we turn to the files of the Boston press in August, 1824, we shall come across this advertisement, repeated several days in succession:

"Likeness of General Lafayette, engraved by J. V. N. Troop Esq., printed on Satin, intended to be worn as a compliment to the General. They are printed to answer for Belts and Watch Ribbons. Military Companies can be supplied with any number at the shortest notice. J. W. Goodrich, 3 State Street."

A notice that, of course, heralded a visit to Boston by Lafayette.

Perhaps no one of the other cities had pleasanter recollections of Lafayette, the youth, than



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the old New England city. Lafayette had been in Boston many times in the early days, sometimes on business there for the army, sometimes on business elsewhere, pausing in Boston for brief hours. After his severe illness at Fishkill, as he had written in his memoirs, "he had repaired to Boston on horseback, where his health was restored by Madeira wine." He had sailed from that port for his furlough in France; had landed here on his return, penning a joyous note to Washington in the harbor, hinting at the great news he brought with him — of the sure coming of French troops. He had visited the city again in 1784.

The year 1824 was not so far distant from those days but that many Boston citizens could remember the "Marquis." It was a foregone conclusion that the city would give him a decorous welcome.

The particular occasion of Lafayette's visit at this time was the commencement at Cam-



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bridge, held, at that time, in August. In order to be on time for this occasion Lafayette was obliged to drive rapidly from New York. The constant attentions of the multitudes along the way delayed his progress so much that the journey consumed five days. In the end he was obliged to drive by night, nodding in his carriage, in order to be in Cambridge for the 25th of August. He did not reach the mansion of Governor Eustis in Roxbury, where he was to rest, until the wan hour of two o'clock on the morning of the 25th. The Governor was a fine old man, with a bush of gray hair that stood out under the three-cornered beaver which he wore on state occasions, "giving him a truly venerable appearance." He had been a regimental surgeon during the Revolution and had known the young French General very well, so that he could cry with honest enthusiasm, when Lafayette alighted at his door: "Oh, this is the happiest day of my life!"



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After little more than two hours' sleep the festivities of the day began; for at daybreak companies of light infantry began maneuvering under the General's windows. Later in the morning Mayor Quincy and a military escort bore the visitor off to Boston for the parade that was to accompany his entrance into the city. Down the narrow, old streets the long procession wound, just as other processions wind to-day. The houses were gay with bunting, with French and American flags, the windows and balconies and streets lined with the multitudes.

From one of the balconies on Washington Street a lady leaned forth whom Boston, at that time, knew for the wife of General Scott; but to Lafayette, glancing up and recognizing her she was still Dorothy Quincy Hancock, who, as the wife of John Hancock, had entertained him in the Hancock mansion years ago. Thereupon he rose to his feet in his carriage



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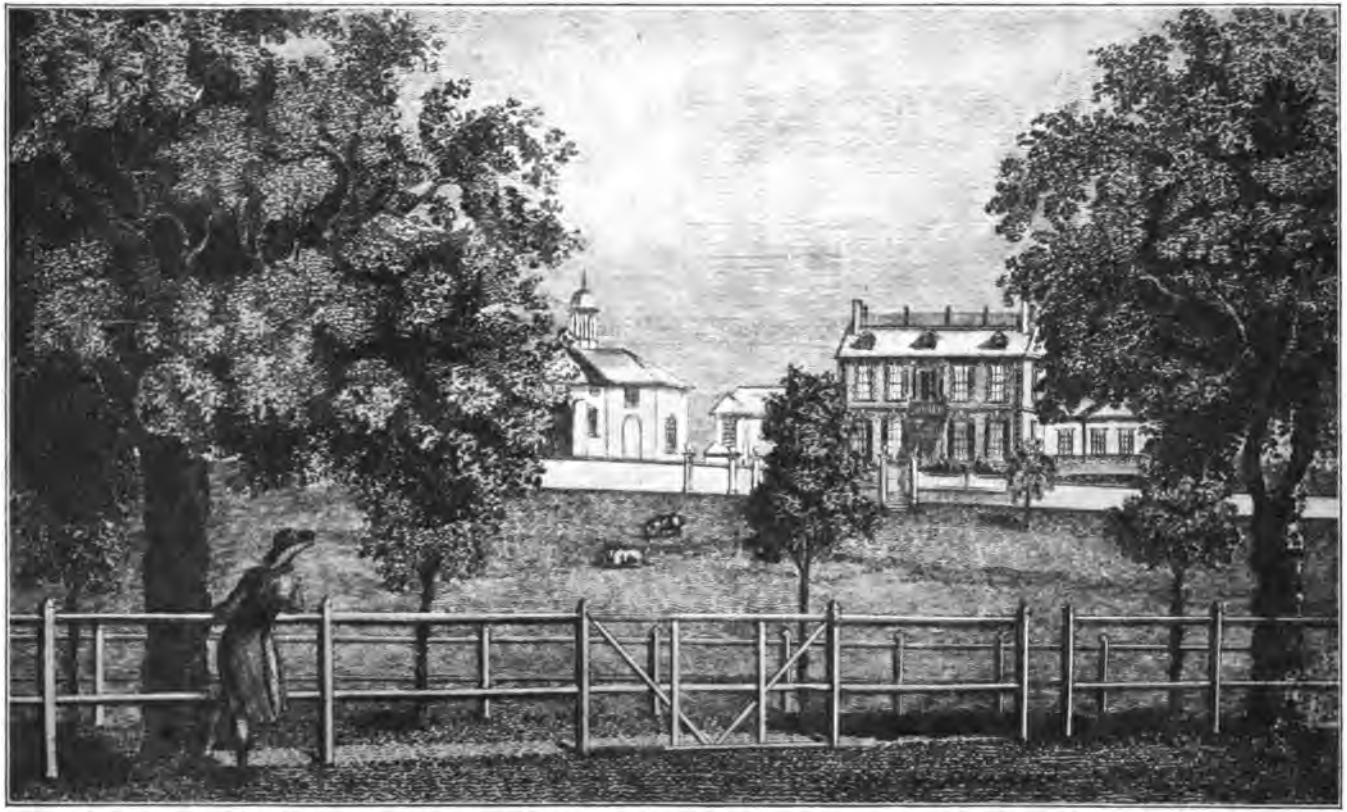

JOHN HANCOCK'S HOUSE, BEACON HILL, BOSTON

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and, placing his hand over his gallant French heart, he made the lady a very low bow, a compliment which could not have failed to please her, and an incident which Oliver Wendell Holmes might well have added to his poem in praise of "Dorothy Q."

Of course Boston had her triumphal arches as New York had had, and even in that early day she had her poets. Chief among them was Charles Sprague, a young man who by popular acclaim was the city's laureate. These words from his pen decorated an arch in front of Lafayette's hotel:

"The fathers in glory shall sleep
That gathered with thee to the fight;
But the sons will eternally keep
The tablet of gratitude bright.
We bow not the neck, we bend not the knee,
But our hearts, Lafayette, we surrender to thee."

It was natural that Sprague should find inspiration for his verse in patriotic occasions, for his father had been one of the men who had



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helped dump England's tea into the harbor. He was to be called upon again for verse in celebration of Lafayette at one of the banquets given the hero before he left Boston, where the poet responded with the spirited lines:

"Wake a deed of other days,
Swell the song of lofty praise,
Gratitude's bright goblet raise,
Pledged to Lafayette!
Him who left his own fair land
By your fathers' sides to stand
When oppression's guilty hand
In their blood was wet:—
. . . . .
Never may your hearts forget
Freemen's duty, Freemen's debt.
Fill the cup to Lafayette
Pledge your fathers' friend."

The long parade had commenced at Roxbury with an address by Mayor Quincy. It closed in the Senate Chamber with an address by the Governor. Lafayette had said, in part, in reply to the Mayor: "The emotions which I



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have been accustomed to feel on entering this city, have ever mingled with a sense of religious reverence for the cradle of American — let us hope it will hereafter be said — of Universal Liberty."

To Governor Eustis, his old and affectionate friend of the Revolution, he could say: "Sir, I am delighted with what I see. I am oppressed with what I feel, but I depend upon you as an old friend to do justice to my sentiments."

The State House — "the new State House" as it was still called — was in the midst of pleasant residences. On the right still stood the beautiful old house of John Hancock, where Lafayette had once visited. At the corner of Beacon and Park Streets, almost opposite, stood the house that was given to him for his residence during the week of his Boston visit.

A crowded week it proved to be, with every imaginable form of entertainment: morning receptions at the State House; a levee; balls;



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banquets; private visits; a review of the militia on the Common; a visit to the Military Camp at Savin Hill, where to the delight of the spectators, Lafayette fired a piece of artillery at a floating target, knocking it to pieces.

In addition to all these entertainments that must have kept staid Boston busy, there were the Cambridge commencement exercises, where the young men who read essays made complimentary references to the guest upon the platform, while the members of Phi Beta Kappa broke the rules of their fraternity and invited Lafayette and his party to be present at their annual celebration and banquet. Upon this occasion the oration was given by a young man in his thirtieth year, Edward Everett, that polished scholar and gentleman whom the world was to know so well as statesman and patriot. His address closed, of course, with a peroration to Lafayette: "Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shore. Happy are our eyes that behold



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those venerable features. Enjoy a triumph such as never monarch enjoyed — the assurance that throughout America there is not a bosom which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name."

At the banquet of the fraternity we see Lafayette arise in the midst of the bright-faced band to toast "The Young Generation," while George Lafayette, that modest, unassuming son, always so willing to dwell in his father's shadow, raises his glass to say: "The happiness I feel in being in a free country where great recollections and great examples remind me of the duty of a patriot's son."

Lavasseur is not less complimentary. With a smile in the General's direction, he gives: "To the grateful recollection I shall ever entertain of the free people among whom I every day exclaim, 'A great man's friendship is a boon from Heaven.'"

But the new generation whom Lafayette



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toasted that night so graciously could not hope to have the place in his heart held by those old soldiers of the Revolution who had fought in his companies, and who from time to time at the public receptions pressed forward to show him the scars of old wounds, sure of his remembrance and ready sympathy.

"Oh, my brave light infantry!" he was constantly exclaiming, the tears streaming down his kindly face. "Oh, my gallant troops!" For these old men were once the lads of whom Lafayette had written: "These three battalions are the best troops that ever took the field. My confidence in them is unbounded. They are far superior to any British troops and none will ever venture to meet them in equal numbers."

When the week in Boston came to an end, Lafayette had already promised to return again in the following year, to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monu-



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ment; and throughout all the great journey through the South and the West that intervened before his return, Bunker Hill was ever, as he later could tell the legislators of Massachusetts, "his polar star."

He reached Boston after strenuous travel down the Erie Canal and by carriage, on the morning of the 15th of June, 1825, to the joy of the thousands of people who had poured into Boston in the hope of seeing him. Though less than a year had passed since Lafayette's former visit, Governor Eustis was no longer here to welcome him with that cry of friendship, "To-day I am the happiest man alive." He had died in the February before Lafayette's coming, and it was his successor, Levi Lincoln, who welcomed the General after his long journey.

Among the members of Congress in Washington, to whom Lafayette was indebted for a



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princely gift, bestowed upon him in the Nation's name, were James Lloyd and Daniel Webster, one of whom represented the State in the Senate, the other in the House. On his second coming to Boston, Lafayette was entertained by Senator Lloyd, on Beacon Street, and he shared the honors of the Bunker Hill celebration with the great Webster.

In the procession which started on the morning of June 17 to Monument Square in Charlestown, winding through Park and Common, School and Washington Streets, the attention of the old city must have been divided between Lafayette and Webster, though they did not drive in the same carriage. Lafayette, as the guest of honor, had his usual coach and four; Webster as the President of the Monument Association, drove with other members of that organization.

The rites at the monument were conducted by the Masons, and here we behold "Brother



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Lafayette" in the Masonic apron, trowel in hand. When the Masonic rites were over and salutes had been fired, the company moved to an amphitheater at the foot of the hill, to listen to the exercises of the day. From this time on the powerful figure of Webster commands the scene. We see him rise to make the address, facing that great throng of spectators with the sun full in his face. Lafayette, ever thoughtful of others, beckons him to stand back in the shadow, but Webster shakes his lion's head and places himself where the crowd can best hear his great voice.

Before he had well started, a great commotion arose when some of the seats collapsed. The orator ordered the ushers to restore order.

"It is impossible to do so," one of them whispered.

"Nothing is impossible, sir!" said Webster. "Let it be done!"



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And not until it was done did he attempt to roll his sonorous sentences over the crowd. Since the hour that he had known of Lafayette's coming, he had labored over the peroration that he knew the crowd would expect him to make to the guest of honor, so that though the address was mainly to the forty old soldiers who had fought at Bunker Hill, and who looked expectantly up into his face, one of them clutching the drum he had carried in the war, yet at last the orator turned to Lafayette with the words that began:

"The information of these events, circulating through Europe, reached the ears of one who now hears me. He has not forgotten the emotion which the fame of Bunker Hill and the fame of Warren excited in his youthful breast. . . . "

Perhaps in that day there was no finer orator in America than Webster, unless it was Henry Clay of Kentucky. Who there would have



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missed the sight of the man, with his commanding stature, his large head, and noble brow, or missed the sound of his wonderful voice, as it rolled on and on in that famous address? There were of necessity, however, many in that large assembly outside the range of even that voice. These were gratified by being able to buy the oration in good print within half an hour of its conclusion, for Boston, with a celerity that might have done justice to Chicago had Chicago been born, had the address taken down by shorthand, provided boys to run to and from the printer's with the successive sheets, with the result that the pamphlet was for sale on the hill almost before the reverberating notes of Webster's voice had died.

After the great oration, a goodly choir sang a hymn to the tune of "Old Hundred." Each city during Lafayette's journey struck at some time a characteristic note. Was it not the true voice of Boston that Lafayette now heard, ris-



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ing and falling solemnly, in the notes of the old tune, to the words:

> "Oh, is not this a holy spot?
> 'T is the high place of Freedom's birth.
> God of our fathers is it not
> The holiest spot of all the earth?"

After the choir had concluded their singing, four thousand persons sat down to a banquet on Bunker Hill, served under a shelter which had been erected for the occasion. The popular custom, of course, demanded formal toasts. The one to Lafayette was greeted with the enthusiasm his name could always inspire. In his reply we catch the high note of faith and hope that kept him young: "Bunker Hill and the holy resistance to oppression which has already enfranchised the American hemisphere — the next Half Century's Jubilee toasts shall be, 'To Enfranchised Europe.'"

In these public celebrations of the day, we are all free to look and listen. It is not so easy



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to follow the guest of Boston to the many private parties that were given in his honor. How gladly we would be a guest at the ball at Daniel Webster's on Summer Street, or call with Lafayette in those charming old Boston homes on Beacon Hill where he found time to pay his respects. The door closes upon him for us as he enters the house of Mrs. George Ticknor on Common Street, as it does again when he pays his respects to Madame Humphrey on Mount Vernon Street, "the relict of his friend and companion in arms, General H." Nor can we pass with him "the residue of the evening at Mrs. Richard Derby's on Chestnut Street."

We can only guess that these private visits contributed to make the last visit in Boston as delightful to Lafayette as other such visits in his youth must have been, visits which had inspired him to write to Washington in the long, long ago the words Boston may well cherish: "I have received every mark of affection in Boston



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and am much attached to the town to which I owe so many obligations."

It is characteristic of Boston and Boston's friendship that these words, written in 1781, could have been applied with equal truth to the Boston Lafayette now visited, some forty-four years later.

A few days afterwards Lafayette bade the city of his affection a final farewell. Then Boston settled down to the humdrum of every day, but not until she had first granted to the forty survivors of Bunker Hill who had attended the celebration "three dollars each and one dollar for each twenty miles' travel," endowed with which sum and the memory of having heard Webster and seen Lafayette, the old soldiers went back to their dreams.

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## CHAPTER VIII

*In the City of Washington*

WE have followed Lafayette on his travels through the East, the South and the "Western country" without having seen him in Washington, the city that knew him best. He came here first in October, 1824, immediately after his visit to Philadelphia. Thence he went to Baltimore and Yorktown returning to the Capital to spend the greater part of the winter, starting from there in his carriage in February, 1825, to visit the South and the West. After that great journey had drawn to its triumphal close and he had paid farewell visits to various Eastern cities, it was to Washington that he returned, embarking on the Potomac a few weeks later for France. We shall see Lafayette against the background of the Capital, therefore, in a series of pictures some of them separated in time by many months.



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When he arrived first in Washington, in October of 1824, James Monroe occupied the White House and it was to Monroe that Lafayette hastened to pay his respects. The meeting was of a simplicity that astonished Lafayette's secretary, for whom the young Republic had so many other surprises in store. The door of the one-story White House was opened by a single domestic, who ushered them into the hall of audience where Monroe was seated in an ordinary chair in a semicircle comprising the four officers of the Cabinet and dignitaries of the army, navy, and legislative body. The President arose, as did all the others, upon Lafayette's entrance, and Monroe embraced the guest with the affection of one who had known him for many years, addressing him in the character of old friend rather than that of distinguished visitor.

The Eighteenth Congress was not in session upon that first visit to Washington, and it was



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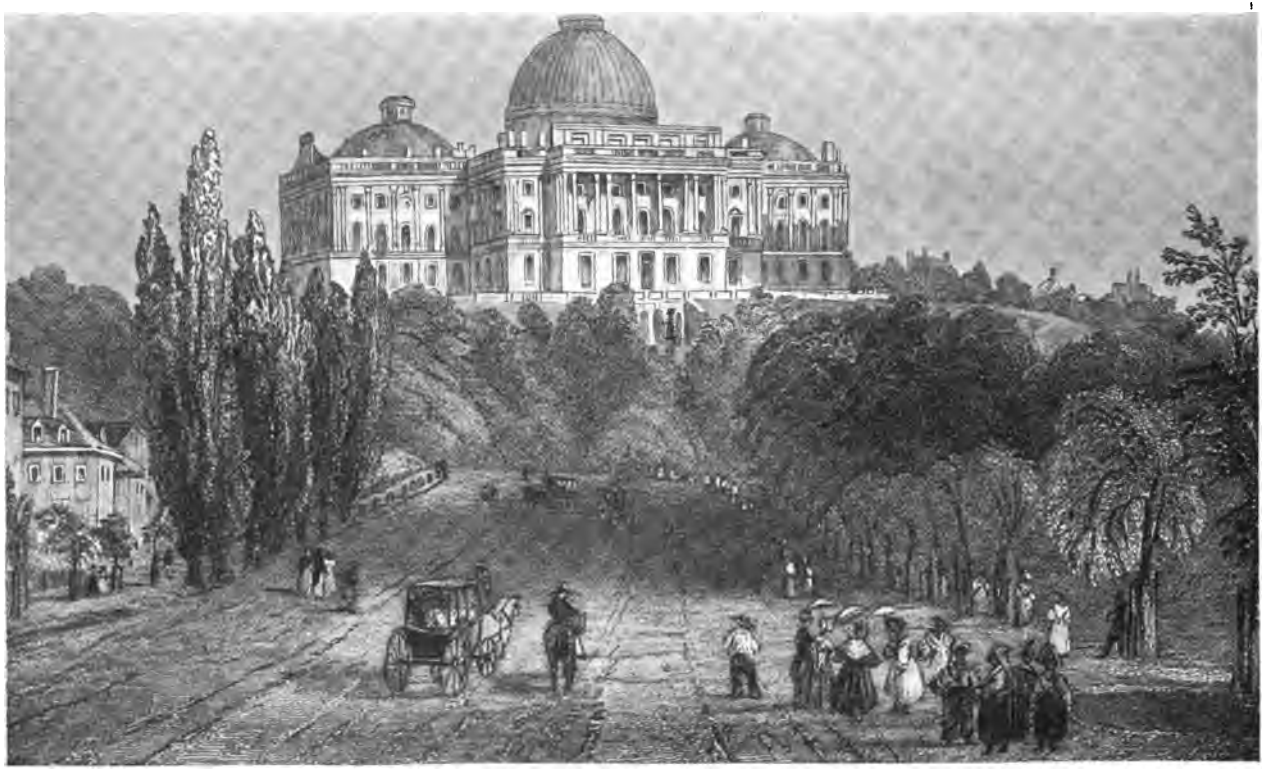

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

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not until the following December that Lafayette was received, with great cordiality, by that body, which embraced within its circle Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren, among the Senators, and Daniel Webster and Henry Clay among the Representatives. The great orator from Kentucky was Speaker of the House, so that it fell to him to make the address of welcome.

Let us imagine Henry Clay, therefore, while the House and visiting Senate stand at attention, turning to General Lafayette, who has just entered with an escort of forty-one Representatives, and beginning:

"General: The House of Representatives of the United States, impelled alike by its own feeling and those of the whole American people, could not have assigned to me a more gratifying duty than that of being its organ to present to you cordial congratulations upon the occasion of your recent arrival in the United States."



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The speech was a brief one, as if Henry Clay realized that it was not he, but Lafayette, who was the central figure upon this occasion. He was content to review the well-known services of the guest of the Nation and to congratulate him upon enjoying the privilege given to few of revisiting the scenes of past action.

"The vain wish has sometimes been indulged that Providence would allow the patriot to return to his country after death," said Henry Clay, "and to contemplate the intermediate changes that have taken place. . . . General, your present visit to the United States is the realization of the consoling object of that wish. You are in the midst of posterity!"

The Speaker's reference to the passing of time must have served to remind Lafayette of the rôle of sage in which he was now irrevocably cast. On his former visit he had been, for all the world that was now so fast slipping away, a romantic and impetuous youth.



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How still the room was as he rose to reply! How clearly he spoke in spite of that unmistakable accent of the foreign-born!

"My obligations to the United States, Sir, far exceed any merit I can claim. They date from the time when I had the happiness to be adopted as a young soldier, a favored son of America." And before his close he touched with grace upon Clay's not altogether happy allusion to a return from the dead. "No, Mr. Speaker, posterity has not begun for me, since in the sons of my companions and friends I find the same public feelings, and permit me to add, the same feelings in my behalf, which I have had the happiness to experience in their fathers." And with "lively gratitude, affectionate devotion, and profound respect" for the assembly before him, Lafayette concluded.

And then the Speaker, the Senators, and the Representatives came forward to take his hand. Among them we see again Andrew



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Jackson, Daniel Webster, and Martin Van Buren.

Monroe had just sent his message to this session of Congress outlining his doctrine of America for Americans without foreign interference which was to perpetuate his name. In this same message was a request that Congress should make some provision for General Lafayette in view of "his very important services, losses, and sacrifices." The next scene in our Washington panorama, therefore, is that of the Eighteenth Congress taking action upon the President's request.

During the time of the debates upon the bill, Lafayette fortunately was not in Washington, having gone for a brief visit to Annapolis. The delicacy which would have prevented Lafayette, had he been in Washington, from hearing the legislators discuss the form the "provision" should take, is not shared by the student of the past, so that we may lean from the gallery of



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the Senate and of the House and listen freely to the discussion aroused by the bill upon its presentation in December. I predict, however, that from the first our sympathy will be with those gallant oratorical Southerners who wholeheartedly endorsed the proposed gift and that we shall turn but a cold ear to those prudent members from other States who raised technical objections.

Among the first of the Southerners to champion this bill is Senator Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, who reviews Lafayette's great services to the United States, reminding his listeners that if they wish to reckon those services in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence, they must not forget the sum of $140,000 which Lafayette expended from his private fortune for the American service during the Revolution, in addition to his services and his blood; nor must they overlook the incident, little known, of his having relinquished a valu-



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able grant of land near the city of New Orleans when he discovered that Congress, in ignorance of his title, had deeded a portion of this same land to that city and to reclaim it would make it necessary for him to bring suit.

In the House other Southerners were equally eloquent: Mr. Livermore, from Louisiana, speaks eloquently on the merits of the bill; Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, and Mr. Mangum, of North Carolina, voiced their indignation against those members scattered through the States, but largely hailing from Ohio, who quibble at the largeness of the sum or the haste with which the bill is being rushed through, or who quarrel with the impulse that gave rise to the proposed donation. In this championship the Southern members are supported by Mr. Bartlett, of New Hampshire.

It is pleasant to hear those long-forgotten voices of the past ring out chivalrously through the Senate Chamber and the House in behalf



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of the gift for Lafayette. The oratorical indignation of George McDuffie, of South Carolina, rises high at the thought of treating the free gift as a debt to be paid. "Put it upon that footing and I shall vote against the bill; put it on that footing and General Lafayette would disdain your offer of payment. Did he render those services and make those disbursements upon any calculation of future retribution?"

Ichabod Bartlett, of New Hampshire, is unwilling to press the bill against an opposition which if persevered in must operate to take away all the "grace of our gratuity."

Charles F. Mercer, of Virginia, reminds them that if Lafayette were disposed to substantiate his claim upon the United States, it would exceed a million of dollars, and adds with true eloquence in answer to the plea for delay: "When I look back to the early period of our independence and behold our own unrecognized ministers in France, with a tenderness



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which does them immortal honor, remonstrating with the young enthusiast on the hazard and helplessness of his projected enterprise in our behalf; when I hear them, in a tone of generous remonstrance, tell him that our cause was sinking and that they had not even a vessel to offer him for his perilous voyage, and hear him reply, 'I have no time, then, to lose,' I cannot, turning from that scene to this, bring myself to believe that gentlemen who differ from the obvious majority of this House need to rest three nights upon their pillow before they arrive at unanimity upon the bill."

When the bill finally came to a third reading, the Senate voted yea unanimously. In the House the nays came to twenty-six in all, fourteen of which were from the State of Ohio. A committee was soon appointed which announced to Lafayette upon the day following his return to the Capital, the passage of the Act giving him $200,000 "in compensation



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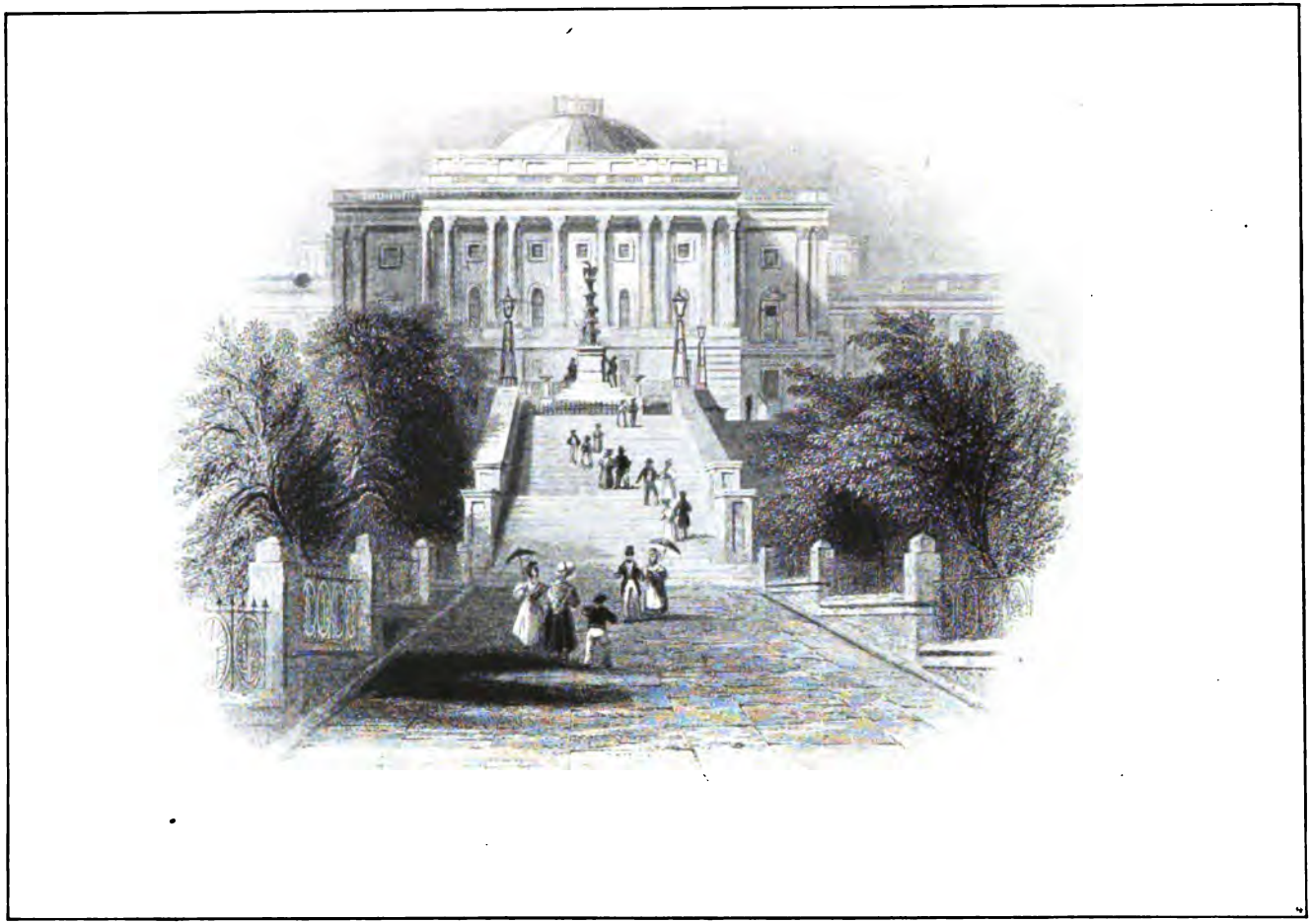

THE ASCENT TO THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON

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for his important services and expenditures during the American Revolution."

In reply to their spokesman, Lafayette said in part: "The immense and unexpected gift which, in addition to former and considerable bounties, it has pleased Congress to confer upon me, calls for the warmest acknowledgment of an old American soldier and adopted son of the United States — two titles dearer to my heart than all the treasures of the world."

The gratification which Lafayette must have felt in this substantial proof of his popularity in America was shared generally by the press, but while, on the one hand, the editors of the journals voiced their approbation of the gift, on the other hand, they strongly censured the men whose opposition had prevented the act passing unanimously. The twenty-six members, in their distress, waited upon General Lafayette to make it clear to him that their opposition to the bill was of a technical and not of a personal



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nature. How graciously the guest of the Nation listened to their explanation! How ready was his reply! Taking them cordially by the hand, he said affably: "I can assure you that if I had had the honor of being your colleague, we should have been twenty-seven, not only because I partake of the sentiments which determined your votes, but also because I think the American Nation has done too much for me."

"This reply," says Lavasseur, "appeared in all the journals, and, as may be supposed, only added to the popularity of him who made it." If Lafayette possessed, as Jefferson had said fifty years before, a canine appetite for popularity, he had certainly mastered the art of acquiring it!

The incident of the Nation's great gift occurred in the last days of December. In February, as we know, Lafayette left the Capital to make the tour of the South and West, so that we do not find him here again until the fol-



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lowing August, when he bade America farewell.

On this last visit to Washington, Lafayette found John Quincy Adams, who had succeeded Monroe, in the White House. The new President insisted that Lafayette should spend his last days in America under his roof, and Lafayette, having accepted this invitation, Adams protected the weary traveler from further excessive entertainments, so that, strangely enough, within the walls of the White House Lafayette knew greater quiet than he had known elsewhere in America. As a rule there were few or no guests at dinner and the evenings were passed in the bosom of the Adams family.

But the time of Lafayette's departure was drawing near. The frigate Brandywine, which was to bear him across the sea, had almost reached completion. The date of departure was set for early September. Before it arrived, one last fête was given to Lafayette. The 6th of Sep-



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tember was the day that had given him birth, and President Adams broke his plan of privacy to celebrate this event at a great public dinner. On this occasion he went so far as to break the precedent that restrained the President of the United States from making a toast. Raising his glass he gave, "To the 22d of February and 6th of September, the birthdays of Washington and Lafayette."

The following morning all Washington kept holiday to bid Lafayette a long farewell. At eleven o'clock he left his private apartments in the White House and walked through the pressing crowds to the long room where the President and his Cabinet and the other dignitaries awaited his coming. Upon his entrance, Adams rose and addressed him in farewell. The speech was one of the happiest made to Lafayette during his long visit. Some of the passages seem, even yet, prophetically to set forth the attitude of future generations.



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"You are ours by that more than patriotic self-devotion with which you flew to the aid of our fathers at the crisis of our fate; ours by that unshaken gratitude for your services which is a precious portion of our inheritance; ours by that tie of love, stronger than death, which has linked your name for the endless ages of time with the name of Washington. . . . Speaking in the name of the whole people of the United States, and at a loss only for language to give utterance to that feeling of attachment with which the heart of the Nation beats as the heart of one man, I bid you a reluctant and affectionate farewell."

Lafayette in his reply was more than once overcome with emotion, and in his concluding words his voice trembled noticeably.

"God bless you, Sir, and all who surround you. God bless the American people, each of their States and the Federal Government. Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing



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heart; such will be its last throb when it ceases to beat."

A short time afterwards he walked down the steps of the White House, entered the waiting carriage, and, preceded by an imposing military escort, accompanied by the Cabinet, he was borne to the banks of the Potomac. Here awaited him a small steamboat that was to convey him to the Brandywine. The shores were crowded with spectators as the boat bore him from Washington. A few hours later he boarded the waiting frigate at the mouth of the river. The next morning the Brandywine set sail for France, a glistening rainbow stretching across the Potomac from shore to shore. That this bow of promise foretold that in an hour of future need Lafayette's name should still serve to cement the friendship of France and America, who shall deny?

THE END

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